

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1853.

SINGULAR MISTAKE.

—  
BY BISHOP MORRIS.  
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I ONCE had the misfortune, by an odd slip of memory and the unskillfulness of my informant, to preach the funeral of a living man. As might have been expected in such an unusual occurrence, verbal rumor has given different versions of it, calling for some revision; and to save the labor of reciting frequently a long story, I prefer to make all corrections at once, by narrating the facts on paper, which I do the more willingly because no one but myself is seriously involved. If the affair had transpired where I was well known, it would have been less mortifying; but it occurred in an isolated place, where I had never been previously, and where I have never been since. Yet there are, no doubt, many individuals remaining on earth who heard the living man's funeral. Indeed, he was himself alive and well the last time I heard of him, some years ago.

For the better understanding of the whole case, it may be proper to inform the reader of some circumstances remotely connected with, and indirectly leading to the main fact. In 1821 I was, with my own consent, transferred from Ohio to Kentucky conference. That year I was appointed to Christian circuit, south of Green river, and removed to it from Lancaster station, O., with my wife and two children, in a light Jersey wagon, drawn by one horse, the distance being about four hundred miles. My colleague, Rev. Philip Kennerly, died before we arrived, which event for some time left me to toil alone on a field of labor extending through Christian, Muhlenberg, Butler, Logan, and Todd counties, in Kentucky; also, Montgomery and Stewart counties, in Tennessee, making a journey of three hundred miles on horseback, and requiring six weeks to compass the plan of appointments, which averaged a little less than one for each day. The country was all new to me, and the roads, which were dimly marked, to be found by inquiry and verbal direction as best I could. After enduring my toils and responsibilities for some months single-handed, Rev. Richard Gaines, brother-in-law

of Dr. Cartwright, was employed as my helper, and rendered efficient aid.

Before the year ended, I had occasion to learn that the good people of my charge observed some customs which would be regarded as novel in the more northern sections of our Union. Funeral discourses in that country were not delivered on the day of interment, but weeks or months subsequently. It was also the practice, especially among the more wealthy, to give a costly dinner to all the friends and neighbors of the bereaved family in attendance at the funeral; and some who were not overly scrupulous, had their funeral dinners on the Sabbath, so as to secure a large company. All these items will help the reader to understand and appreciate some of the circumstances thrown around me at the living man's funeral.

One of our Wednesday appointments was at Shiloh, a country meeting-house in Montgomery county, Tenn. Among the members of our society there were Wesley Verhine and his mother-in-law, a pious old lady named Howell, who lived in his family. These individuals resided some twelve miles west of that place, in a neighborhood where they had neither class nor stated preaching nearer than Shiloh. One day in the year 1822, after preaching and meeting class at Shiloh, Wesley Verhine requested me to preach the funeral of his brother's child in his own neighborhood, during my next round, on Sabbath day, instead of preaching at Mr. White's, where we were experimenting to form a new Sabbath congregation; and hoping thereby to gain entrance into more new territory, I consented.

Here we reach the point in this narrative where memory made the slip, that laid the foundation of my subsequent embarrassment. Before I had quite completed my arrangements with brother Verhine for the funeral, the brethren and sisters, like warm-hearted southerners, thronged around, shook hands, and pressed upon me so many hearty invitations to accompany them to their homes, that I knew not how to decide between the invitations, and became somewhat confused. From that moment the idea of the funeral was entirely forgotten till I had gone round my six weeks circuit, returned to Shiloh,

preached and met class as usual, when Wesley Verhine came to me, and remarked:

"We expect you at the funeral next Sabbath."

"What funeral?" said I.

"At my brother's, in our neighborhood. Brother Gaines published that you would preach the funeral instead of preaching at White's."

All this was news to me; I knew nothing of the matter, and hesitated about consenting; but knowing that brother Gaines was a very prudent man, I concluded, if he had made the arrangement, there must have been sufficient reason for it, and agreed to go; adding a request, that my informant would meet me at Mr. White's on Sabbath morning, and accompany me, as the way was difficult for a stranger to find.

Let it here be observed, that the first conversation respecting the funeral, held six weeks previous, was as entirely obliterated from my memory as was the vision of King Nebuchadnezzar, when, after a sleepless night, he required the wise men, under forfeiture of life, to tell him his dream and the interpretation of it, and even more so; for though his vision had escaped, it had left an impression on his mind that caused his sleep to "brake from him," whereas no impression whatever remained on my mind from the first interview respecting the funeral; and the only one received from the second conversation was the erroneous idea, that I was requested to preach the funeral of Verhine's brother, and not that of his child.

Next Sabbath morning I found my guide and some half dozen friends at Mr. White's, ready to accompany me to the funeral. In due time we moved off in single file on horseback, along a dull path, much of which was overhung with brushwood, and, of course, unfavorable to the social position of riding two and two together. As soon as opportunity served, I determined to learn something more definite respecting the case of the deceased, that I might not feel wholly unprepared for the solemn duties of the day, and rode along beside of Wesley Verhine, when the following dialogue ensued:

*Morris.* Was the man whose funeral I am to preach to-day an old man or a young one?

*Verhine.* He is about forty-three years old.

*M.* Had he a family?

*V.* He has a wife and three or four children.

*M.* Was he a professor of religion?

*V.* He is not a member of any Church.

It will be seen that while my questions were all in the past tense, Verhine's answers were all in the present tense. This I observed at the time, but attributed it to his awkward manner of speaking, not even suspecting that there was any misunderstanding on his part or mine. This dialogue ended, I dropped back into the regular line, in a contemplative mood, congratulating myself on having obtained the material points of the whole case: the subject of the funeral was past middle life, was the head of a family, and not professedly pious. In view

of this information, I selected a subject and shaped the outline of a funeral discourse in my own mind, feeling tolerably well prepared for the important occasion.

One thing more, however, occurred to me as important to be settled. I did not like the example of joining with a large dining-party at a Sabbath funeral, and wishing to furnish myself with a civil excuse for declining to accept an invitation, and at the same time avail myself of the favorable opportunity to visit my Church members in that remote neighborhood, I observed to brother Verhine, who was a timid, retiring man, if convenient and agreeable to himself and family, I should like to go home with him and sister Howell soon after the public service, which was agreed on.

Having settled all preliminaries, our company rode on thoughtfully, and for the most of the time silently, through the lonely woodland, but with a bright and cheerful sun beaming amid the boughs of the lofty forest-trees which towered over us. By and by we came in view of the "house of mourning," surrounded with numerous horses and quite a large concourse of people for a sparsely settled country place. As there was no Church in the neighborhood, the service was held in the dwelling of the bereaved family. It was tolerably large, but very much crowded. With some difficulty I entered, and found my way to a back window, where a chair and small table were placed for my accommodation.

After marking the appropriate hymns and Scripture lessons, I cast my eye over the congregation, saw several ladies dressed in mourning, and selected in my own mind the one I supposed to be the sorrowful widow. In the first prayer some allusion was made to the lonely widow and disconsolate orphans, whose bereavement of their husband and father had occasioned our solemn meeting. Some general reference to the deceased head of the family was also made in the introductory remarks to the funeral discourse. The text announced was from Job xiv, 10: "But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" The entire plan of the sermon is not now remembered; but one part of it is distinctly retained; namely, while enforcing the final interrogatory, "Where is he?" I dwelt pretty fully on the state of disembodied spirits, both righteous and unrighteous, as we find it portrayed in the New Testament, and concluded the whole discourse about as follows:

"Respecting the subject of this funeral occasion I knew but little, and, therefore, could say but little, as I never had the pleasure of any acquaintance with him, and, indeed, never saw him to my knowledge. I had been informed that he lived to be a man past the middle of life, that he had left a companion and several children to mourn their sad loss, and that he was not a professor of religion. As to his moral and social habits and general character, they were, doubtless, much better

known to his neighbors and friends then present than to their speaker. It was not my prerogative or wish to pass sentence for or against any. I left him, where I left myself and all others, in the hands of a just and merciful God. 'The Judge of all the earth will do right.'"

While making these remarks, I observed a man near my left, seated on a chair, leaning back against the wall, looking very earnestly at me, and apparently somewhat agitated in mind. At the close of the service, the same individual invited me to remain for dinner, from which I inferred that he was a relative of the family, whom they had engaged to perform the honors of the table of his deceased friend. I, however, excused myself on the ground of a preengagement, and, without learning the name of the hospitable gentleman, retired as soon as I could get out, and left immediately. Old sister Howell led the way, I followed next, and Wesley Verhine brought up the rear. Nothing was said respecting the solemn occasion till we had proceeded some considerable distance, when the good old lady brought a heavy sigh, and remarked, with her own peculiar simplicity, as here quoted:

"La me, brother, you made a great mistake to-day."

I replied, "That is possible; I am liable to mistakes; but did not observe it. What was it, sister Howell?"

"Why, you kept talking about the man whose funeral you was preaching, and the subject of the funeral was a little bit of a *baby* that got burnt to death."

"Baby! I preached the funeral of the man of the house."

"Well, I thought so; but it was a mistake; for the one that died was his child; and the man that you preached the funeral of was alive and well, sitting in six feet of you, and he heard all you said about him: that was he that asked you to stay for dinner."

Perfectly amazed, and almost rendered motionless by this unexpected announcement, for a moment I remained stock still; but recovering a little, I reined my horse round, and called out: "Wesley Verhine, come up here. Sister Howell says I made a mistake to-day."

"Yes," said he, "I saw it, and felt very badly."

On reminding him of the answers he had given that morning as to the subject of the funeral, his age, family, and profession, he replied: "I thought you spoke of the subject's father; and when I first requested you to preach the funeral, more than six weeks ago, I told you it was my brother's child's funeral."

This was news to me, that I had been applied to on the subject so long a time previous. However, after a powerful and protracted effort to recall the fact to memory, aided by many inquiries and explanations, then, for the first time, it came back to my mind faintly, like an imperfect dream, that

he had spoken to me respecting the funeral on my previous visit to Shiloh; and I had to acknowledge that my memory had been as delinquent as the bill of items furnished by my informant had been imperfect.

Some of the hearers, as I was told subsequently, turned the mistake into an affair of quaint merriment, and teased Mr. Verhine no little about hearing his own funeral, telling him, among other things, that when he should have passed away from this world no funeral would become necessary, as that had been preached in advance; adding, it was easy to infer, from the very little said about him, what the preacher thought of his case. With myself, however, it was no cause of mirth, but of deep regret; and though thirty years and more have interred since the mistake occurred, I have even now a vivid recollection of the mortification I suffered in consequence of it.

How forcibly this case reminds us of what every one ought to understand, that when a minister is called on to preach the funeral of strangers, their friends should furnish him with definite and authentic information for the occasion, or that, in the absence of it, he should not be required or expected to venture any direct allusion to the character of the deceased. The sacred office confers no intuitive knowledge of men living or dead; nor can he who exercises that office safely rely on a hasty, verbal communication of an unskillful messenger for public use. All material facts designed to be used on such an occasion should be furnished in writing by some competent hand.

#### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

One, 'midst the forests of the west,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colors round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

MARRIAGE is a duty, as appears both from natural religion and revealed. Experience teaches that domestic life is the happier; it brings additional social pleasures, calls out our noblest powers, and gives us an interest in our country and our race which we could not otherwise feel. Still, it should not be entered upon hastily, or without certain pre-requisite qualifications. Some, however, entertain extravagant notions of these qualifications. If a man have good health, an honorable calling, and enough laid by to furnish a comfortable home, why may he not marry a healthy, intelligent, and industrious lady? May he not prosper much more *with* such a helpmeet than *without* her? In choosing a companion for life, one should consider her health, social position, age, intellectual and moral character, parentage, etc.—all of which should be suitable, not only in his own estimation, but in that of his judicious friends. On each of these topics it were easy to descant; but let us pass to that which is more important—*love*; for I really incline to the opinion that there is such a thing.

Love is that affection which is founded on the mental and emotional differences of the sexes. It is different from friendship—different from any other form of attachment; it is stronger than any other, except, perhaps, the paternal. Friendship may be strong—stronger than death; yet there is not enough even in the friendship of Jonathan for David, or Damon for Pythias, to satisfy the soul. There are keys in the mind of man which can give no music till touched by a lady's spiritual fingers; there are *Æolian* harp-strings in his heart which never respond till breathed on by a woman's lips. And after all, love is not mesmerism, nor necromancy, nor any mysterious affection, but one arising from congeniality of soul; there must be in the loving pair a similarity of talent, of cultivation, and of taste. It is not necessary that there should be *equality* of mind; nevertheless, there should be no great *inequality*. It is not necessary that the parties should pass through the same mental training, or obtain the same kind and degree of information—though this were desirable—but it is proper that there should be an *equivalency* in their attainments and mental discipline. It is not to be expected that they shall both view *all* subjects in the same light; but it is necessary that they so view the *most important* ones; for "what concord hath Christ with Belial?"

There may be a good degree of love where there is considerable diversity between the parties. After the laborious duties of professional life, when the day's anxieties are over, the wearied mind does not desire to come in contact with another of equal and *similar* power. As after looking at the sun—I think Edmund Burke makes the remark—we turn with delight to the soft green of the landscape, so

turns the philosopher's mind to the soft green of a lady's soul. Bear in mind, however, that the peculiar texture of a lady's mind implies no inferiority. The husband may have the more intellect, the wife the greater sensibility; the one may have greater comprehension, the other deeper insight; the one may have better argumentation, the other quicker sympathy; yet we can not say that one is superior to the other any more than that painting is superior to music. These diversities, far from separating the parties, serve to unite and strengthen them. The vine which entwines around the elm gives to its trunk a capability to resist the blast which it had not before. As a general rule, man was formed to support, woman to depend; hence, no quality in man is so attractive to a woman as courage, no quality in woman so charming to man as modesty. Corresponding to modesty is an inward quality—gentleness. Man is naturally harsh, impulsive, passionate; a woman's soft words are as oil upon the troubled waters of his heart. It is said that General Jackson—that fiery old hero, whom no man could tame—became as quiet as a lamb under the persuasive tones of his wife. But let me guard against a mistake. Do not suppose that the most attractive female character is always inconsistent with courage. No! no! While the current of events flows in ordinary channels, while difficulties and dangers are to be met by common means, man is the supporting, woman the depending partner; but let the darkness defy human intellect, and the danger human courage, and the suffering human fortitude—let the exigencies demand power supernatural, and the relative position of the parties is reversed. When faith, and hope, and love are the only resources left, woman usually sustains, and man reclines upon her. How true to nature are the poet's words:

"Yours was the brave, good heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength had gone.  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow:  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you can not hear me now.  
I thank you for the patient smile,  
When your heart was fit to break:  
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,  
And you hid it for my sake."

It is the higher, holier strength of heart—not of body or of mere intellect—that we look for in woman. She has her sphere, and in that sphere she may tower—it is the sphere of the affections.

Love is different from admiration—men seek wives not for show, but for happiness.

Love is exclusive. The lady who loves every gentleman will inspire no gentleman's love. She who hangs on a dozen gentlemen's arms in the course of one evening, and exchanges as many smiles and glances with different suitors, whom she receives and abandons with equal facility—a kind of "courting stock for all to practice on"—



will be very likely to hang in *market* a long time; for who would trust her to say, "Forsaking all others, keep thee unto him only so long as you both shall live?" So much for the passion.

When parties marry without love, unpleasant consequences may be feared. There will be a want of communion between them. That which is interesting to one is not so to the other; what is pleasing to the one is displeasing to the other; if they converse, conversation is soon suspended; if one reads, he will soon hear, "Hush! hush! such stuff!" if he writes, the words are as water spilt upon the ground; if he *feels*, he can excite no corresponding emotions. Under such circumstances what love can there be between husband and wife? If they can keep their temper, and live in peace, it is as much as can be expected. Beauty, sprightliness, economy, and external decorations may render the wife *tolerable*, and may prevent in the bosom of her partner the rising of repentance—may even, at times, cause a feeling of complacency; but these attractions can not always last—sickness, infirmity, and age may come: what will the wife do then?

Love implies a spiritual union of the parties. In order to this they must possess homogeneous spiritual elements. The dying Edwards sent to his absent wife this message, "I hope our union is spiritual." He knew the difference between legal and mental bonds. If there be the latter, happy are the united pair; they find each other's society not merely tolerable, but gratifying, endearing, improving. Exquisitely beautiful are the lines addressed by Lord Chesterfield to his wife in her declining years:

"To thee, sweet girl, this second ring,  
A token and a pledge I bring:  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy ripper virtues to my heart.  
Those virtues which before untried  
The wife had added to the bride—  
Those virtues whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's every name:  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake as well as love's—  
For why? they show me, hour by hour,  
Honor's high thought, affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things but *repentance*."

Without love the married pair feel not only a want of communion, but an inability to appreciate each other's excellences. This is always painful, and sooner or later it causes disgust in the better party. I suppose this to have been the cause of the unhappy domestic life and disgraceful separation of a distinguished English statesman and his lady. It is said she depreciated her husband's abilities, held up his failures tauntingly to his own observation, and instead of caressing and praising him when his adversaries triumphed over him, she joined with them in their utterances of scorn, so that home which should have been his refuge and his solace became his hell. How different when the parties seek out each other's excellences and hold them up! Charming are the last lines of

Solomon's perfect description of a good wife: "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

One of the prettiest fragments of antiquity is Pliny's letter to his aunt Hispulla. I quote Addison's translation:

"As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers, I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality is extraordinary. She loves me: the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see her concern when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought to her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she can not refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me."

What man of genius could help loving such a wife? But, alas! it is not often that genius is so fortunate. Scholars are peculiarly exposed to ill-starred unions, owing to two causes—their imperfect acquaintance with female character, shut up as they are to literary society and literary labors; and the unfortunate fashion of educating ladies apart from gentlemen and in different modes.

What intelligent lady can read of Socrates—one of the noblest men that ever lived, the greatest ornament of antiquity, and the admiration of all ages—and not feel that she could love him; yet Xantippe was his evil genius. Alas! she knew not the excellences of her bosom companion; she had no line to sound the depths either of his mind or heart. Who that has read Milton does not honor him? yet Mary Powell did not like him. He was studious, recluse, and republican; she volatile, social, aristocratic. The marriage between them was premature. Milton went into the country for recreation, and returned, in less than a month, to the surprise of his friends, with a wife. But scarce had the honeymoon passed, ere the bride left nothing of matrimony to the bridegroom but the chain; and although after the great poet had arranged to marry Miss Day, the absconding wife returning, asked pardon upon her knees, and

obtained a reconciliation, still she was unhappy in herself, and a thorny rose in the bosom of her husband. Yet Milton had a heart to love intensely, and this he subsequently proved; for he regarded his second wife with the fondest affection.

But want of communion and want of mutual appreciation of each other's excellences, is likely to be followed by a suspicion of transferred affection. Man is made to love woman, woman to love man. Somewhere and at some time the ill-assorted husband will be likely to find among women a heart adapted to his own, and the ill-matched wife to find among men a soul congenial with hers, and, unless prudence or conscience speak, there will be, if circumstances favor, a drawing of the wife and husband in opposite directions toward distant objects of attraction. If one party have conscience and the other have not, then half the evil is cured, but the misery may be even doubled. John Wesley and his wife were married more, perhaps, as a matter of convenience than of love. He was abstract, she social; he did not visit his home as much as she desired; she deemed herself neglected, became suspicious that his affections were alienated, pursued him, in her jealousy, to different parts of the kingdom, and watched his movements with scrutiny and fear. At length she could bear the purgatory no longer, and burst the bands. Cases of this kind are without number. Among them we may mention Mrs. Hemans, the poetess. Captain Hemans went to Italy, and returned no more to his family. Charlotte Elizabeth was similarly situated in her first marriage. Both these ladies had intellectual and moral excellences of the highest order. You can scarce read a page of either without both admiration and delight, or without feeling that you love their departed spirits. Their husbands were rough soldiers, inured to the camp, having no sensibilities to respond to their powerful charms; and so great was the disparity between them and their wives, that their souls could not embrace them. This excited suspicion of alienation, and all domestic peace ceased. The cases just alluded to were cases in which the parties were more to be pitied than blamed; there are cases in which they are more to be blamed than pitied—cases in which one of the married pair cultivates acquaintance with a third person, knowing that it awakens suspicion in the companion for life, as in the case of a lady of a certain distinguished lawyer we wot of. The marriage union is founded on affection. If this be wanting, all conjugal happiness is wanting; if this be transferred, there is not only the absence of happiness, but the presence of bitterness—of intense and progressive misery. There is in the aggrieved party a sense of injury, of ingratitude, of hypocrisy, of treachery, of perjury committed against him. To him is left the mere casket; the jewel is with another, and an enemy. To him it belongs to earn the food, and provide the shelter, and the clothing, and the comforts, and the charities of the woman, and even the very decorations

with which she would attract the robber of his peace; to that robber goes the pleasant looks, and thoughts, and loves, and blessings of his bosom companion. On all his property she lays her exacting hand; of every toil of his muscles, and struggle of his brain, and agony of his heart, she claims her thirds, and every laurel that his achievements secure she snatches for her unworthy brow. When disease comes upon that wife, it is the husband's part to watch by her couch, to drive sleep from his weary eyes, to see the doctor, and pay the waiters; but to another goes the gratitude of the patient, and with another, who sleeps on his quiet bed, is the thought and the heart of the treacherous sufferer. Suppose it is not so: if the husband fears it is, the pain and injury are just as great. Such a husband wanders "in a land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness." For him the hills and the valleys have lost their charm, and the most beautiful thing in nature is the coffin that is to shut him out of it. Perhaps the very temple in which he worshiped, and which formerly reminded him of naught but the grand, and the pure, and the holy, has become painful by its associations with his wife's illicit smiles. Home, sweet home, is turned into bitterness by the thought of the dishonor it has suffered in his absence; and though he once returned to it as the dove to the ark, he now moves to it as the lamb to the slaughter. The very lips of his children may be as coals of fire to him, because of the testimony which they have unwittingly borne to a mother's shameful indiscretions. The very friends with whom he took sweet counsel have lost, in some degree, their power to please him; for he fears that they no longer regard him as their peer. Well may he cry out, "My soul is weary of my life. I will leave my complaint upon myself. I will speak in the bitterness of my soul." As he draws near the grave, upon what a life of sorrow does he look back! as he disposes of his property to his children, what agony may wring his departing soul! as he takes his final leave of his wife—O what feelings for a dying man! Suppose all doubts of her alienated affections to be at length dissipated, then what unspeakable self-reproach does he feel for having done his best friend injustice—for having wrongfully accused a true and loving heart! what keen regret that he could not live his life over again, and make that a paradise which doubt had made perdition! But if that doubt still linger, how every attention bestowed upon him by his companion in his extremity must increase his dying agony! But aside from the doubt, the feeling that he has been robbed of that blessing to which God adverted, when he said, "It is not good for man to be alone"—the pure and honorable love which, founded, as it is, in the mental and emotional differences of the sexes, can not be compensated by his fellow-man. But why not desert such a woman? Ask Jesus.

There is but one other consequence that I shall name: the suspicion of alienated affection may be followed by the suspicion of infidelity. This was the case in the family of Lord Byron. He cultivated an acquaintance with a lady better suited to his taste than his wife; for unfortunately his marriage with Miss Milbank was premature—a mere business arrangement. He had a heart to love, as his early and intense attachment to Miss Chaworth shows; but not being able to fix his affections on his wife, he turned to another. The painful consequence—separation—I need not tell. Perhaps it was best. A suspicion of this kind makes home a hell.

Let the young of both sexes beware how they associate with the married. Wesley has written as advice to preachers, "Converse sparingly with women, and never alone." This advice is good, not only for preachers, but for all, so far as married women are concerned. Similar advice might be given to young ladies. What though your thoughts and feelings may be as pure as those of the new-born angel, your approaches to a neighbor's fireside may be as the approach of Satan to Paradise. What though you depart undefiled and undefiled, you may have wrought a ruin that you can never repair. The world watches you; and it is as full of eyes as the wheel in the prophet's vision, each beaming with deep and penetrating intelligence; above those eyes are brains, thinking keen, and often malignant; and underneath them are tongues, often armed with the poison of asps. Once let those tongues be set in motion against character, and it is blasted; and once blasted, can never be restored.

And what is the state of that wife's heart who is bound to the suspected husband? But, perhaps, he is pure. So much the worse. Could he be proved guilty, relief is guaranteed to her both by earth and heaven; and though it may be a relief which brings ruin to guilty man; poverty, and shame, and wretchedness, and orphanage to innocent children, and a broken heart to generous, loving, and confiding woman, still it is relief. But, O, the untold agony of her who doubts the chastity of her husband! Sometimes, while in his presence, she sees his countenance and hears his manly voice, and brings all her skill in natural language into requisition, and says, in her heart, he is not guilty; and her soul breaks up from its depths, and a rush of tears comes to her eye, and she reproaches herself for having grieved and injured an innocent and loving husband, who turns to her alone for earthly happiness. And then, again, in his absence, when brooding over the

"Trifles, light as air, which  
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ,"

fire, consuming fire, is in her heart, and runs through her whole being like a furnace.

"O, wretched woman!" she may well say, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

We can endure to almost any extent by day, if only we can look forward to a calm pillow at night; but O the night of her who doubts her bosom companion! Her pillow incloses a snake; and though, when she first drops her weary head upon it, that snake may be coiled and numb, yet scarcely has she fallen into slumber ere it warms and uncoils, and winds its slimy folds around the sleeper's neck and breast, and lifts its scaly head and brandishes its forked tongue before the strained and bloody eyeballs of the waking but suffocating woman. O that she could die! But the serpent, slowly unwinding, as the sleeper rises and looks around, creeps back again to the cooling pillow, to strangle that sleeper again, when exhaustion shall have once more sunk her head upon the stony down. This is like to the bitter pains of eternal death. She who feels it is fit for suicide, desertion, murder. Perhaps, if we could have the secret history of crime, its blacker forms would generally be traced to the hands of persons in this state of mind. And very many of the most appalling cases of both drunkenness and derangement are the fruits of such untold agony. You can not quiet such a one by reminding her that the offending parties are professing Christians, seeing that the heart is deceitful above all things, and that even David stole the little ewe lamb—the only comfort of one who was ready to die for him.

It is not enough that the person afflicted be a true Christian. Though she bow before the stroke with the resignation of a dying Savior; though with a soul "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," she take the bitter cup which may not pass, and say, "Not my will, but thine be done," still she may be crucified. You have seen the tree withering slowly under the gnawings of a worm at the root; so wastes the body of an unfortunate lady who doubts, even at intervals, the integrity of her life partner. She is murdered; her death is none the less sure, and all the more severe, for being slow. And what a death! The noble martyr can endure the flames or the cross—can see his body torn limb from limb, and wish there were more members to be dragged from his lacerated trunk, because his soul is unwounded, yea, girded within him; "And the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Now, gentle reader, will you "suffer a word of exhortation?" Are you young? Do not allow yourself to form premature attachments. Do not pay or receive addresses during your pupilage, especially from strangers. Such attainments as might make an attachment suitable for you at the commencement of your *curriculum*, might be any thing but what would be necessary to insure your respect and affection after graduation. If you form an early attachment, you must either marry the object or not. If you do, you may be unhappy; if you do not, you are vile, and may blast the heart that you have deliberately won, and which you have pledged ever to honor.

2. Beware of marrying without a sufficient acquaintance, and a full conviction that the union may be *spiritual*, and, therefore, permanent, pure, and blessed.

3. Beware of match-making and match-breaking. It is the duty of parents to give some direction to their children in that important matter—matrimony; and if they are satisfied that a proposed union will be ruinous or disgraceful, they should endeavor to prevent it. It is their duty—it is a duty which they owe to themselves, their children, and their more distant kindred. Let it be done mildly, prudently, affectionately. Let parents, on such occasions, be prepared to endure misrepresentation, abuse, ingratitude—all of which, however, is easier to bear than *remorse*. How often does an unfortunate union bring, sooner or later, adultery, desertion, poverty to the parties, and sorrow and shame to their kindred! Melancholy cases, one of them issuing in bloody murder, rise up before me.

Still, let us beware that we do not interfere without good reason, more especially when the parties are youthful and well known to each other. Love may have sprung up in the dawn of their being, and grown with their growth. Cases there are such as described by the poet:

"Ah, I remember well—and how can I  
But evermore remember well—when first  
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed,  
And looked upon each other, and conceived  
Not what we aï'd, yet something we did aï;  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,  
And what was our disease we could not tell.  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look. And thus  
In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood; but when years began  
To reap the fruit of knowledge—ah, how then  
Would she with graver looks, with sweet, stern brow,  
Check my presumption and my forwardness;  
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show  
What she would have me and not have me know."

In all such cases, beware. If disappointment ensue, it may imbitter existence. Many such cases do I remember where the sad pilgrims moved on weary and heavy laden. I have heard, from the lips of one whom I well know, something like the following story:

"Some years since, in the twilight of a summer evening, a noble young friend presented himself to me, as I sat beneath a pear-tree, enjoying the fresh-blown primroses. He was greatly agitated, and said to me, 'Will you ride with me to-night?' 'Where to?' 'To P.' 'What, twenty-five miles off, and to-night?' 'Yes; we shall have moon-light.' He was a youth of splendid intellect, strong will, but overmastering emotions—a Byron. 'Yes, I will go. Get up your horse, and I will get up mine.' As we galloped out of the village, I said, 'Tell me what is the matter. Are you in love?' 'Yes.' 'But why go to-night?' 'The match-maker has been there.' Toward morning we trotted into P.; and having aroused an innkeeper, we soon

tumbled into bed. By sunrise I awoke, and found my companion missing. He soon returned to invite me to breakfast at Mr. B.'s. I was happy to see my young friend exchange love glances with a young lady across the table. Ah, thought I, all is well! I called in and out that day as I had been bidden. Attached to the parlor was a sitting-room, where my friend and his sweetheart spent the day. I often heard his well-known voice say, in tremulous tones, 'You marry my friend;' and the response, in gentler notes, 'How can I?' At one time he said, 'What is this you are making?' 'A wedding-dress.' 'What, of black!' 'Yes; it is the only color suitable to my feelings—the altar will be my grave.' 'Why, then, marry him?' "'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place?—he that hath not lifted up his hand unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully—that sweareth to his own hurt and chaungeth not.'" As we returned next day, I insisted on an explanation. My friend had an intimate companion who acted as a sort of guardian for him; he knew nothing of the attachment between the parties, but supposed the young lady would be a suitable wife for another who desired to enter into domestic life. He, therefore, introduced him, having previously intimated the object. The lady presumed that the match-maker was aware of her attachment to her lover, and supposed that lover had sent him to propose the arrangement with a view of avoiding a proposal himself. Partly in despair, partly through indignation, she accepted. They were married. My friend soon left the country, and went to sea, but in a few months he returned a skeleton, and now lies entombed near the Atlantic shore. The lady soon died, and was buried in the valley of the Mississippi."

It is said "the course of *true* love never did run smooth." Perhaps this is wisely ordered to prevent idolatrous affection. "Lo, all these *things* worketh God oftentimes with man, to brink back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."

#### NOBILITY OF WOMEN.

THE woman, poor, ill-clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditures—toils and sweats in quiet, unrepining mood among her children, and presents them, morning and evening, as offerings of love in rosy health and cheerful purity—is the proudest dame, and the bliss of a happy home shall dwell with her forever. If one prospect be dearer than another to bend the proud and inspire the broken-hearted, it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man when he hears the rush of children upon the staircase, and when the smallest mounts and sinks into his arms amidst right mirthful shouts!



## THE HISTORY OF A DAY.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

It was a fine, bracing day in the latter part of December that I packed my carpet-bag, seized my gun, some ammunition, a quire of foolscap, and "Thomson's Seasons," and leaped into a stage-coach, with the intention of spending a few days in the country. Some snow had been falling the last two or three days, and, when we got out of the city, the landscape presented a very lovely sight. The atmosphere came pure to my brows, and fanned back my hair pleasantly. It smelt nice and sweet when compared with the air of the city. The trees were hung all over with icicles, that rattled musically when the wind touched them. It seemed to me as if the trees had entirely forgotten that they ever were dressed in pretty green clothes, they shook their bedizened arms with such pride in the air. Quite through the woods there was the whitest kind of carpet, glistening and sparkling in the air, as far as the eye could reach. 'Tis a glorious season—this winter! It is placed last in the calendar as a grand climax to the seasons—the most delightful of the four. Ask any school-boy which season he most loves, and he will tell you, "O, sir, the cold, snowy winter!" Yon old man, as his mind runs back into the past, and reviews its happiest hours, hears again the jingling of the sleigh-bells; sees again the big fire, crackling and hospitable, and the sparks, like stars that had been visiting the world, hurrying up to the silent sky; leaps again, light of heart and limb, through the ringing wood; fleets again, with the swiftness of air, over the frozen stream. We all adore the season, especially in the country, when the snow covers the ground, and the wind is silent. *All*—did I say? I thought not then of the widowed hearth-stone. I thought not then of the fatherless child, in the vale of poverty. I thought not then of the poor mother's weary eyes, wasted cheek, and attenuated form. I thought not of those to whom neither spring in its perfume, summer in its grandeur, autumn in its fruitfulness, nor winter in its gayety, can ever bring bliss. Of these, ye sons of wealth, should ye always think in your hours of enjoyment, and, strewing among them a portion of your plenty, call down the approving smiles of your "Father which is in heaven."

The house where I intended to put up was a country inn, about fourteen miles from the city, in the midst of a country that abounded with game and beautiful natural scenery. Caverns, and rocky hills, and thick woodlands, and streams were thrown together with a confused prodigality that was startling and yet inspiring to the eye. I love that spot. I do not think that on the surface of the globe a place can be found that possesses the same variety of rich and delightful views. Nature, in her careless haste, seems to have dropped here, as she swept over the earth, her divinest favors. The

painter who visits the spot will find many a theme for his pencil which shall awake the admiration and improve and enlarge the mind. Have you ever observed the effect that grand natural, or even artificial, views have upon the soul? It has been said, by an illustrious poet, that

"The undevout astronomer is mad;"

because the natural tendency of the study of the heavens is to uplift and solemnize the spirit. No less mad is the undevout student of the sublunar works of the Creator. The poet that sits down with Nature, and only Nature, and communes with her and her Author constantly, can never be a bad man. The painter who throws together, in one landscape upon canvas, the choicest beauties of many landscapes, which he has discovered and adopted after much severe labor, is too large of heart to commit an unjust or profane action. Even the man of simple heart and uncultivated intellect who associates much with Nature becomes high-minded, devout, and proud of soul. Students of the human character will bear me out in my opinions. As the poet of Avon says of the hater of music, I say of him who hates Nature:

"Let no such man be trusted!"

Amid his "household gods" such a man would be ungenerous and unrefined. Not the voice of love, the laughter of children, nor the cry of want, would rouse one cord of sympathy in his bosom.

In the stage-coach that bore me from the city there were two passengers beside myself. One was an elderly gentleman, with flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and a large, light gray eye, which shot forth sparks when he became excited in conversation. He seemed to be a man of finished education and various reading. No subject was so humble that he had not given it much attention; for even while speaking of the weather his eye enlarged, and his voice became tremulous, and his language was terse and nervous. Indeed, he seemed more fond of displaying his conversational accomplishments than in strictly desiring to give information on the subject under discussion; and in displaying those accomplishments he became so absorbed that his countenance partook of the pride and glow within him. I formed a favorable opinion of the cleverness of my elderly companion from the first; and he seemed pleased with my deferential attention to his remarks. He was one of those kind of men who prefer a good listener to an incessant talker; and as I happily belonged to the former class, we found no occasion for angry disputation.

My other coach companion did not satisfy me so well. There was an overpowering odor of cheese radiating from his coat pockets, and his breath was impregnated with the fumes of a bad article of brandy. He, too, was an immense talker, but on a different pattern from the elderly passenger. His language was abominable and his manner disgusting. The principal theme of his conversation was his adventures in "spreeing." According to his own expression, he "could o' dranked that queer

tippler, King Cole himself, down;" and, certainly, to judge from the general appearance of the individual, he did not lie.

His nose defied portraiture. Hogarth alone could have done justice to its superb brilliancy. It stood out from his weather-scarred face like a "light-house at sea." Blotched, and carbuncled, and huge, and round, it would, if detached from his face, have made a good geographical chart for young students. Caverns, and valleys, and mountains of a volcanic character were plainly discernible upon its surface. His upper lip protruded some distance beyond the lower, and curled upward toward the nostrils in a peculiar manner, showing a large, uneven set of tobacco-grimed teeth. His cheeks, like his nose, were unmitigated enemies to any thing paler than "old Maglory," and seemed to be constantly delivering spiteful homilies against Maine Liquor laws. But, then, his eyes! What shall I say of them? They were the queerest-looking, biggest gray eyes I ever saw—fairly swimming, it seemed to me, in a sea of mist. Whenever he laughed, a heavy crowfoot would gather about the corner of each of those eyes, and the red eyelids would settle down over them, till they looked like a thin fog struggling in the sunshine. His hair had been clipped short, and stood erect and firm. Concealing a portion of this wiry vegetation was a very narrow-brimmed, low-crowned chip hat, which, being much too small, sat on the wearer's head like a percussion-cap on a cannon-ball. Every jolt of the coach would throw it from his head, unless he held it with his hand. The remainder of this man's wardrobe was in unison with his chapeau. It did seem, in sooth, as if they were some of the castaway clothes of his boyhood, assumed in his manhood through force of circumstances.

Whenever this singular being thought proper to speak, the elderly gentleman would find something in the landscape or the sky that attracted his notice. But I—good-natured as I am—could not find it in my heart to frown down my humble and degraded fellow-passenger, and answered his remarks with a monosyllabic indulgence. Yet I could not avoid reproving, at times, a habit which he had of thrusting his face immediately underneath my beaver whenever he thought I drooped in my attention. The perfume of his breath was not such as poets have, in amorous distiches, ascribed to the ladies of their affections.

This passenger finally left us at a low hovel near the roadside, where a wretched set of beings—a woman and five poorly clad children—stood at the door to greet him. I did not see that greeting. But I saw those children and that mother look, with an indescribable anxiety, upon the husband and father, as he got down from the coach, with his cheesy odor, his bottle, and two scant bundles. What, thought I, as the stage sped away from the wretched abode, is to be the result of this husband's habits? My heart shuddered as I looked into the

future of those poor children. Unless the most favorable dispositions and circumstances follow them through life, their end is shameful beyond doubt.

Thus was I musing when my remaining companion disturbed me with the remark that "a rain was approaching." A rain—when the day had set in with so much in its favor! I looked out, and, true enough, a rain was approaching. The weather had become warm since morning—so much so that the snow and the icicles on the trees had commenced melting; and now a lead-colored sky looked down upon the earth, and threw its shadow into my bosom. My morning's anticipations were, of course, beginning to melt with the snow, and I keenly felt the disappointment.

This western climate is not to be depended upon. You may go to bed at night canopied by stars and limitless azure, and wake up in the morning to hear the tickling of "the rain upon the roof." At other times, when you are laying out plans for a grand sleigh-ride "next day," you are awakened in the morning by some unsophisticated bird, in the tree near your window, who has mistaken the warm atmosphere and the bright sunshine as a premonition of spring. Strange climate! Trust it not, even though the almanac advises you!

Just as the coach arrived at the *very* long lane which led to the inn where I designed stopping—for, be it known, *my* inn was not immediately on the public road—the rain commenced pouring down. The elderly gentleman, as I stepped from the coach with my gun and portmanteau, soothed me with the hope that I had been used to wet weather, and, as the coach rattled away, smiled upon me, I thought, with an ironical expression of sympathy. I hate sympathy from strangers. There is no heart about such sympathy. It is of a selfish character. It is a sort of feeling which seems to say, "I thank my stars I am not in that poor fellow's situation!" Have you ever known a man of "sympathy" to extend his assistance to a stranger in distress? I seldom have. Good Samaritans are as little known nowadays as they were in the time of our Savior's earthly pilgrimage. To be sure, now and then you may meet with a man whose sympathy is followed by good deeds; but such examples are scarce in this land. My elderly companion's umbrella, a cozy, comfortable-looking thing, lay in my sight as I left the coach; and it is lying there yet for aught I know to the contrary. Why should I have expected a loan of it on such an occasion? I certainly did not. But when men will give utterance to "sympathy," let them show, by practice, that they are sincere.

I will not say how I looked and how I felt, as I plunged down the long lane that rainy day. I must certainly have presented a very ludicrous appearance. I finally, however, reached the inn, as complete an exemplification of a portable cascade as may be found. My portmanteau was soaked through; my gun was spoiled; and on reading my

"Thomson" that day, I found it much *heavier* than usual. "Winter," wet as it was, had no charms for my fancy. "Mine host" received me graciously, and presented me with dry clothes, which, as they were from his own wardrobe, and he was unctuously constituted, were somewhat "overformed" for my slender proportions.

While my own clothing was drying by the fire, I endeavored to amuse myself by looking from the window of my room at the outer world. How different from the sight I had expected to meet! It was a sorry day. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and the rain was dripping and drizzling gloomily. The trees were entirely bereft of those ornaments I had seen in the morning, and the snow had melted away, with the exception of here and there a dirty little patch, which was so stubborn with icy mud that the rain could not disturb it. Where were the snowy hills I had expected to fly over in chase of the rabbit? Down their sides, as if a second flood had come, poured torrents of water. The rocks, the caverns, the streams, the woods—all were dark and wretched as the sky overhead. A damp chill was in the atmosphere of my room—for, on account of a smoking chimney, I could have no fire—and so, soon tiring of the prospect without, I trudged down stairs to warm myself at the public room fire. There my desponding heart met with no cheering encouragement. The laborers from some surrounding farms occupied the hearth-stone, and were smoking, swearing, and talking politics with boisterous voices. When I entered they raised their eyes, and looked, with wondering curiosity, at my undignified garments; but none of them offered a portion of the fire. After walking up and down the room for a short time, with my hands in my pockets, listening to their conversation, and glancing over their shoulders at the distant fire, I became disgusted, and left for the hall to taste a purer air, and commune with my own oppressed spirit. Even here I found no comfort on this unfortunate day. A disagreeable, foggy-looking washerwoman was tramping back and forth incessantly, in loose patters, which pattered aggravatingly upon the sloppy floor. From an adjoining room, of which the door stood open, came an atmosphere of warm soap-suds and damp linen. An omniscient cur, in whose shaggy hair the rain froze and sparkled, stretched himself, with a ceaseless yawn and growl, just under my feet, wherever I went. In sooth, nothing was to be seen out of doors but a "mackerel sky," and sleet, and a universal, damp nastiness pervading all things; and within the vision met with no more exhilarating attractions than without.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I went to bed. How else was I to do? There was no comfort any where else. There I carefully separated the moist leaves of my "Thomson," and read till darkness obscured the page. Then, with the book in my hand, while thinking about the absurdity of some of the eulogies I had heard of a rustic life, I

fell asleep. Sweet sleep! It soothed my aching head, and stilled the loneliness of my heart, as if I were a child! How long I slept I know not; but some time in the night I awoke. The rain was still pouring, pouring, pouring! The cur in the hall was whining, and sighing, and turning himself from side to side, as if his dreams were dreadful ones. And between each sigh of the cur, the wind moaned round the corners of the house, or dashed the rain-drops against the windows. No sound, no motion any where of human life. The dead in their graves keep not such quiet as did the inmates of the inn. The loose patters were laid aside; the rustic politicians were in dream-land; the hosts of silence had swept over the hearts of all, and stilled them. How solemn, how terrible was that wakeful hour in the dead, stormy night! I felt, while I turned my face toward the wall, and buried my head underneath the covering, as if transparent ghosts were all around my bed, so much did the voice of the wind sound like the solemn tones attributed to the departed.

Poor superstition! The morning came, and with it reason and reflection, and—O, happy circumstance!—the stage-coach. Never did boy welcome the vehicle that was to bear him, at vacation, from the hated school, with such exultation as I welcomed the coach that was to bear me from the spot which is, in fair weather, the noblest on earth. The coachman's honest, hard-weather face seemed to me more beautiful than a star. The old coach itself I would not have exchanged then for the trappings of a monarch. I have no doubt the passengers comprehended my feelings; for they smiled when I thrust my enthusiastic countenance into the coach, and made some observations concerning the dreariness of a prospect naturally lovely. The rain-drops on the coach-top sounded cheerful, as I sped toward home; and the first view of the great smoky clouds that curled from the chimneys and hovered over the city awoke the most pleasant sensations I ever felt.

Reader, I shall visit that spot next summer!

#### PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

WHEN you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. That night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and to it heaven can not come too soon.

## DOMESTIC RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY HAWORTH.

In once more calling up Memory's pleasing pictures, I find some more illustrations of the domestic habits of the rural English which I am inclined to reveal. We shall begin at early morning dawn. A few gray streaks of light are visible along the eastern horizon, and come slyly peeping through our chamber windows. Chanticleer has given his summons, the wakeful birds have begun their matin carol, and the delighted animals are giving loud expression to their joy, now that the dark curtain of night is being withdrawn and the light of opening day is appearing. Almost as soon as the twilight begins to play around our pillow, and the first of these sounds breaks in upon the reigning stillness, we hear a yawn, a cough, and then a sudden spring to the floor, showing that the glad beams did not come too soon for the industrious farmer, who thus readily welcomes their approach. Soon his voice is heard, "Tom, Sam, it is time to get up!" nor are "Sally and Kate" forgotten, but the announcement—"Time to get up"—passes round, till all have heard and obeyed the summons. This call to arise is painfully prominent in our recollections; for, after receiving it, we would often again indulge in those sweet morning slumbers, till we were finally aroused by the application of the switch, an instrument which never failed to chase away our drowsiness, and bring us up broad awake. We then thought our friend Sleep badly treated in being thus unceremoniously whipped away; but he has since so often deserted us when we most needed his soothing presence, and has pertinaciously refused to return, although during long restless nights we have besought his company, that we are now disposed to charge him with inconstancy, and to conclude that on those mornings he only met with his deservings. Early rising is one of the good habits there generally practiced; nor can its good effects be too highly estimated, it tending, without doubt, to the remarkable good health and vigor of the people. To rise at early dawn, and go forth to behold the approach of day, to watch the first appearance of the fiery charioteer of the sky, to listen to the rich melody of the feathered choir, to see the playful gambols of the pleased animals, and to catch the healthful inspiration of the morning air, is invigorating and delightful. Fair reader, if such shall read this to whom the sight of the gorgeous sunrise is a novelty, come, taste these pleasures, shake off your morning slumbers, and regularly go forth to view the glories of approaching day, and to share in the joy of the refreshed creation, and in health, in spirits, in every thing, you will be more than adequately recompensed.

When all were up, and had performed their customary ablutions, we were called together for prayers. We know it is not, by any means, a

general practice there to maintain family devotion; yet these delightful exercises are inseparably associated with our earliest memories, and sacred are the remembrances clinging around the family altar of our childhood's home. How often we have there listened to a mother's voice earnestly pleading for our salvation! A mother's voice, we say; for it was our pious mother who attended to this duty, and regularly maintained that altar service. Blessed mother! though for many years the waves of the wide ocean have rolled between us, yet I can see thee as of yore, and hear thy voice, and now again the influence of thy prayers comes over me, and inspires me for higher purposes and holier aims! God bless thee, mother, for thy prayers! One of the peculiarities of her prayers was the enumeration, by name, in order according to age, of all her children. I have heard her do this repeatedly, and am often encouraged by the thought that my name is still borne to a throne of grace from the lips of an aged parent, residing far over the wide Atlantic. In the performance of this duty I may present her as an example of Christian zeal and fortitude. Serious opposition she encountered, yet she never faltered; and her determination has been blessed with the best results. Nor was her course a wrong one. It is certainly better that woman maintain this holy duty than that a family be reared up without the sacred influences which can only be woven around the heart at a family altar. How many hardened husbands might be subdued by the earnest implorings of a faithful wife! How many wayward children might be reclaimed by the prayers of a religious mother!

But we have digressed. Breakfast there is a simple meal, quickly prepared, and as quickly eaten. Some bread and butter, with the addition of a slice of meat and a boiled egg, makes up the substantial part, which, with a cup of coffee, or a mug of ale or cider, composes the meal. Breakfast over, all scatter hurriedly to their engagements—the men to the fields, the women to their domestic concerns, and the youngsters, sachel in hand, to the village school. The forenoon is spent in performing the heavier kinds of labor. At twelve all gather for dinner, the principal meal of the day. The table is well provided with a variety of dishes, accompanied with pies, cakes, and fruits, according to the season. After dinner business is again resumed, though with the ladies it is of the lighter sort. Tea comes on about four. It is a sort of polite meal, and affords an occasion for visiting, of which they are extremely fond.

It is common to give and receive invitations to tea, and visitors frequently pedestrate two or three miles to these social gatherings, sometimes quite a number meeting at the same place. Of course, these meetings are beneficial or otherwise according to the character of the company. Sometimes little is done but the retailing of the news of the day, the canvassing the plans and engagements of others, and the expression of approbation



or condemnation, according to the opinion of these self-constituted censors of the public welfare. Such a practice may be sometimes harmless, but is often injurious, and should be guarded against, especially as habitual newsmongers are often tempted to manufacture the article, and are generally suspected of not caring for themselves as much as they profess to care for others. It is strange how this habit gains an ascendancy over persons, and how fond they are, like the Athenians, "of spending their time in nothing else but in telling or hearing some new thing!" In our recollection we have an old lady, a perfect example of this class, who used to figure largely at the parties we are speaking of. She was of spare person, had a keen eye, and restless air. Often we have been amused at her anxiety to hear every thing said in company, and her effort to store the whole away in the depths of her capacious and rapacious memory. Often we have seen her coming flying across the fields, like some swift-moving specter, evidently as much excited as though she was about to reveal some secret which would be of the highest advantage to all her neighbors, or as if it were to make some dread discovery by which some dire calamity might be averted. No ambassador of peace, charged with a mission on the success of which the fate of a nation depended, could be more anxious than was she. "There comes Mrs. P.!" was invariably the exclamation of the first who discovered her approach; and soon, breathless and well-nigh exhausted, she would arrive; then throwing herself immediately in a chair, and commencing with, "How do you do? How are you? I am glad to see you. Well, I am surprised! astonished! it's wonderful! Did you hear it?" she would start off in the relation of a string of nonsense, which "Mr. H. said Mr. E. told him, that Miss L. said that somebody told her," the only subject of wonder to the unfortunate listener being the amazing volubility of the relater of the wonderful intelligence. Such persons are always intolerable, and it is a blessing that they are not more numerous.

From what has been said, the reader might conclude that such is the universal character of these parties; but many of them are of a most pleasant, agreeable character. Many such we remember, where were gathered the loved, prized companions and friends of our youth. Much of instruction we received from them—much that has gone to the formation of our principles and the arming us against the power of vice and evil. Many a joke and pleasantry we laughed at; many a pleasant tale we listened to; and now we feel as though surrounded by those smiling faces and listening to those pleasing tones as in the past. We could picture several of those boon companions had we the time, and no enjoyment could possibly be pleasanter to us. Shall we indulge? There was Fanny and Eliza, two sisters, just entering womanhood. When they would come the house seemed brimful of happiness. They had always something nice

and interesting to tell, some new tune to sing, some new book to show, or some fresh expression of their good-nature to manifest. I used to think them lovely; and they were; for, apart from personal attractions, of which they had their share, what is so lovely as kindness, goodness, affection? What evening walks, and talks, and rides we used to enjoy! But it was soon ended. Fanny fell first. Consumption did its work, and we laid her in the tomb. At the time Eliza was failing. After Fanny's burial she visited us; but she was no more Eliza, except in her warm, unchanging affection. Her face had lost its freshness; her eye its luster; her full form had become emaciated. A cough was hacking the strings of life. Her spirit was broken. She was fading as a leaf. One evening we took a walk together. At first we conversed; but then, as if in sympathy, we were silent. We had almost unconsciously approached a gate which stood beneath the shade of a giant oak. Eliza leaned on the gate, and I saw the big, pearly tear-drops chasing each other, in quick succession, down her cheeks. My boyish heart swelled big with emotion. I strove to speak, but in vain: I knew the truth. At length she dried her tears, and, taking me by the hand, we slowly returned homeward. She left us, and in a short time we heard the intelligence, "Eliza is dead!" She had joined her sister, and their remains sleep side by side in a quiet country church-yard; but they are in heaven, and, much as I love their memories, I would not have them here. Then there was Caroline F., thoughtless, merry, fun-loving Caroline. It seemed strange that death should so early quench so bright a flame as that which burned in her pure breast. We soon missed her from our circle—her pleasing laugh, her voice of melody, her sunny smiles were all gone, and naught was left us but a grass-grown mound and simple stone, over which to shed our tears at her remembrance. Many have passed away from our sight, we know not where; some still linger around those scenes of our youth. One, after a protracted absence, we met, but so changed by accumulating years that we did not recognize him. We could hardly persuade ourselves that it was the same individual; yet it was the same. Have we so changed? Have all? How fleeting, fading, dying are earthly things!

But we are wandering. Tea with them is a remarkable meal, and is very properly named "tea," for, except a slice of bread and butter or toast, nothing is prepared but tea. This is placed on a waiter, on a small table, from which it is handed to each person, who takes the cup in his hand, and thus, while seated in the ordinary way around the room, they partake of the refreshment. Supper is still a distinct meal, and is composed of some light food taken just before retiring; so that ordinarily the English eat four times a day. What we have said will only apply to the family proper; the servants have their own table, their separate meals, and their own kinds of food. The manner of living

among the English is also regulated, in some degree, by customs derived from their Catholic ancestry. On Ash-Wednesday it is common to use pancakes; roast beef and plum-pudding is general on Easter; while during Christmas mince pies are all the rage. Indeed, they scarcely think of using them at any other time.

Apropos of Christmas, it is the great time for visiting and holidaying. The churches and houses are then decked in evergreen. On Christmas morning the boys of the villages come around, singing some rude carol, celebrative of the incarnation of Christ, who accompany their song by a request for a "Christmas gift." The salutation, "I wish you a merry Christmas!" is received from every body; and almost all repair to some place of worship, to engage in devotional exercises appropriate to the occasion. Christmas is generally a time for the gathering of families, as at a New England thanksgiving; and in this way it is additionally interesting. Then grand-parents, parents, children, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins meet, and brighten up the chain of relationship between them. At such times hilarity reigns, feasting prevails, and too often it becomes a season of intemperance and excess. Among the customs is the hanging up of the misletoe, a parasitical plant, which they procure for the purpose. The object is to get a kiss under the misletoe. The girls, of course, make a desperate show of resistance—now the anxious swain has nearly succeeded, now the young lady has torn herself away, and an uproarious burst of laughter succeeds. Again the attempt is made, and the point gained, and the attempt is renewed by another of the party. We know not the origin of the custom, but know that it is still existent among the country people. To add to the fun, amusing tricks are sometimes played off by the visitors upon each other. This is mostly a reprehensible practice; but then, as all expect it, and as the tricks are of a harmless kind, harm is seldom done. Many such laughable enactments we remember, but have room to describe but one.

A Christmas party had assembled at the house of a neighbor, and among the visitors was a bachelor of some fifty summers, named H., who was paying his devoirs to a Miss R., a resident of the family, and who was not much his junior in years. During the evening Mr. H. had seated himself close by the chair of Miss R. for the purpose of conversing with her. Unfortunately he became drowsy, and, leaning against the side of Miss R.'s chair, he was soon asleep. This was fun for all, and must be improved. At this point a mischievous girl ran out, and brought in a shawl, a frilled cap, and a bonnet, and pinning the shawl over Bach's shoulders so that when he would rise it would fall in its place on his back, and fastening the cap and bonnet on his head, she left him in this laughable predicament. At all this Miss R. professed to be much amused, but it was evidently assumed. Poor girl! she reflected that that scrape might blast all her

hymeneal prospects. Shortly H. gave unmistakable signs of awaking. One after another of the visitors left the room; and amid the convulsive peals of laughter from the escaped party, he arose to the consciousness of his ludicrous situation. Rubbing his eyes, he exclaimed, with astonishment, "What! when—how—where am I?" while Miss R., petrified with horror, stood speechless at his side. At length some one removed the unmanly attire, and the party reentered the room, professing great anxiety to know what was the matter. H. was evidently cross and vexed, and Miss R. as clearly was troubled and uneasy. All this but added to the mirth. The evening at length passed away, and the company prepared to leave. Simultaneously H. and Miss R. were observed to arise, and walk into the yard. Some one said that she was heard to say, "It was not me;" and others protested that they heard the smack of the kiss of peace. Be that as it may, a few weeks after the party a procession marched from that house to the church, and ever after Miss R. was called Mrs. H., and was installed mistress of what had been Bachelor's Hall. How much the occurrence of the night had to do with this result we can not say.

These Christmas hilarities are continued till New-Year, when there is added to the salutation, "I wish you a merry Christmas," the expression, "and a happy New-Year." Even there they have better ways of spending Christmas than we have described. Since the introduction of Methodism among the people, many of these parties have been discontinued, and the time is spent more appropriately in religious exercises. Meetings of all kind are common, and Christmas and New-Year's are favorite watch-night occasions. These we will refer to hereafter. At present, good-by!

#### COURAGE, TEACHER!

ONE of the Roman kings, in pursuing some of his military schemes, had occasion to cross the Adriatic Sea. No other opportunity occurring, he hired a simple boatman to row him across. In the midst of the sea a storm arose; the boatman was alarmed, and relaxed his efforts. The future emperor of Rome thus addressed him, "Courage, my man! you carry Cæsar and his fortunes!"

Art thou ever depressed, teacher, and ready to faint at the obstacles that surround thee? O remember that in the mind of every one of those pupils committed to your trust, you carry more than Cæsar or his fortunes!—a soul, an immortal soul, destined to live through time, and to go forward in the endless ages of eternity—a mind whose exertions here may tell on the welfare of thousands, and which will add to its own glory, by a holy life and influence, in the kingdom of the just. Look up, then, teacher, have courage, do thy duty, and leave to God the result, who will have all things work to his glory.

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY G. W. ROSS.

AWAY back in the first part of the fifteenth century, when the star of chivalry was paling upon the breast of knight-errantry, and the lamp of Christianity had well-nigh gone out in the *choke-damp* of infidelity, there sprang up, in the heart of a peasant girl, a light, a faith, that attracted the attention of France, and afterward the curiosity of the world. France was just the nation to be affected by this wonder. Rocked in the cradle of superstition, nourished on the legends of the marvelous, and possessing a deep reverence for the purity of the saints, her people were the exact enthusiasts to snatch up the delicate embodiment of female heroism, and, holding it up to the world, cry, "Here it is!" Such was the spirit of the French nation when the Maid of Orleans was introduced into this living, breathing world.

She was from an obscure but respectable family. While growing up she busied herself with the domestic labors of her own home. Having never learned to read or write, her principal source of knowledge was reflection. To be thus limited is a great misfortune; but not so great for some minds as would seem at first thought; for by cutting off observation we give time for reflection—by shutting the flood-gates without we open the founts within—the fountains of originality, which, bursting up from the fathomless depths of the soul, pour the floods of their pent-up waters in lucid streams along the ruffling channels of the brain. Her religious sentiments were from the legends of a mother's telling; her principles from the examples of a mother's life. Sentiments and principles thus obtained become not only a part of our belief, but a part of our being; thus forming the basis of our faith and the steady frame-work of our characters. Thus were given the first shapings to the character of the Maid of Orleans.

Born under the somber shadow of the church spires, and lulled by the low chimings of the cathedral bell, her poetic spirit ardently drank in the soft fusions of an ideal paradise. She was meek, peaceful, and sweet-tempered, possessing a woman's intellect and a child's heart. She had an active mind; but upon her spirit lay the dim shadows of a poetic melancholy. She loved to be much in solitude. Like most others whose souls contain too much of the divinity for the icy realities of this world, she would wander alone in the wood, peopling it with the bright creatures of her own fancy; or stand pensively upon the bank of a quiet stream, vainly seeking to meet that half-terrestrial, half-celestial being, whose dreamy counterpart so often nestles low down in every young and poetic heart. Who of my young readers has not, like her, often stolen away into some flowery vale to listen to the rich melody of their own hearts, or trace the lights and shadows of their twilight reveries, as they

weave themselves into a great web of futurity? Thus passed the early days of the girl who was to become the savior of France.

At this time she had no conception of her coming duties. But soon after, while walking in her father's garden, she saw a dazzling light, and heard a voice saying, "Be a good and obedient child, and go often to Church." At another period shortly subsequent, she heard the voice, saying, "Go to the aid of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom." This was her revelation, and doubtless she exclaimed, "What a revelation! I, a poor peasant girl, to aid a prince—to restore a kingdom! Charles has not been able to rescue France, the brave knights have not been strong enough to repel the English! and shall I? can I? Shall I leave my home of innocence, and go into the field of blood? Shall I lay down my flowers, and take the sword—my harp, and seize the spear? What a revelation! what a mission! what a destiny!" She hesitated; she prayed; she wept; she trembled. The goal was before her; but could she march up to it? Her mission was understood; but could she execute it? But she was a child of faith. She believed that God had made these requirements of her, and her faith led her to trust him for ability to perform them. She prepares to go. She now, at the early age of eighteen, must leave the innocence of her home, and plunge into the corruption of the camp. She is to go, not only among strangers to be their associate, but among ruffians to be their leader—not the leader of humans, magnanimous soldiery, but the leader and moderator of a fierce, iron-hearted band of enthusiasts.

But to appreciate her labors more fully, we must briefly notice the relations of England and France. The English wished to place Henry VI upon the throne of France; the French wished their own Charles VII. This opposition, with others, led to an open war. Orleans, upon the Seine, was besieged, and upon the fate of this city seemed to hang the fate of France.

Here, then, is the Maid's mission—to raise the siege of Orleans, and place Charles upon the throne. To a faith less intense than was hers, this would have seemed an impossibility; but, with the zeal of inspiration, she went forward, believing that she was the Moses of France, who should lead her people out of bondage. She placed herself at the head of the armies of France. She led them over mountain and vale, by night and by day, hourly exposed to the wonted insults of a sensuous multitude. But she was unmolested. Her elevated purity was the shield of her virtue. The temple of piety was veiled with a robe of innocence so pure, so dazzling, that its glory, like the splendors of Sinai's burning bush, held at bay the unhallowed approach of the vile intruder. The light of her spirit was the sun of faith to her followers, and the gentleness of her nature was the subduer of their ferocity. She led the bandit from his assassination and blood to the altar and to prayer.

Young, bright, and beautiful, she seemed a deep inspiration, or, rather, a divinity in the flesh. She led her soldiers to the attack; the English were repelled.

Her next work was the crowning of the King. To do this she hastened to Rheims. Due preparations being made, Charles was crowned lawful King of France. At the moment the crown touched his head, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "O, gentle King, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and bring you to the throne of France!" Her words fell like enchantment. The prophecy was fulfilled; her mission was ended; France had a king; the reality was before them. Was it a tragedy? Was it a miracle? Was the agent fanaticism—an inspiration—a sorcery—a witchery? Thus conjectured France; thus has conjectured the world since.

Truly the Maid had said her mission was ended. Soon after the crowning of Charles, she was captured by the English, and unjustly tried for heresy, unchristianly condemned, and inhumanly burned at the stake. Thus ended the life of that gentle, that sweet-tempered, that spiritualized being—the Maid of Orleans.

### ECHO HILL.\*

BY MISS JANE L. CHAPPELL.

By Echo Hill, one moonlit night,  
On the green sward I stood;  
Beneath was sleeping Lily Pond,  
Above the ancient wood.  
A rural hamlet nestled near  
Within the valley still;  
Its guards around were forests old  
And many a swarded hill.  
And by the water's moonlit verge,  
As thus I stood to hear  
The fairy voice of wave and hill,  
A sibyl stood me near.  
"Ho!" cried she, "who for Lily Pond  
The mystic watches keep,  
When spirits of the night are out,  
And Echo is asleep?"  
"Sing, Echo, sing 'O summer night!'"  
The sibyl gayly cried;  
And "Summer night! O summer night!"  
The mystic voice replied.  
"O, Echo, shout! there's glory round  
On woodland, vale, and hill;  
And glory on the Lily Pond—  
O, Echo, canst be still?"  
"In vain I list—thou lov'st not well  
The starry night, I trow;  
Then, Echo, shout, 'E lu re lu!  
Americans, ye'ho!'"

\*In Albion, Penn.

And up the grassy hill, and o'er  
The moonlit wave below,  
Rang Echo's shout, "E lu re lu!  
Americans, ye'ho!"

"But other hearts there are who love  
The Echo-spirit's home:  
Call Mary, Marcus—Echo, call!"  
And Echo bade them come.

"But, Echo, Mary's gone!" she said,  
With troubled look and tone;  
And Echo caught her changeful mood,  
And sadly answered, "Gone!"

While swam her eyes with sudden tears,  
Quick cried the sibyl then,  
"Echo, I'm sad! O, murmur not  
That hopeless word again!"

Then on the swarded slope reclined,  
When all was calm and still,  
The sibyl told me of the dead  
Who loved sweet Echo Hill.

She numbered all—I lingered long  
Of each to hear her tell:  
O, how like fairy song-tones, then,  
Those sad, sweet heart-words fell!

Of one, the young, and beautiful,  
And loved, the sibyl told—  
One of the pale, pure cheek and brow,  
And fair long curls of gold.

She told me of her love-lit eyes,  
Of soft, half-changeable hue;  
Her girlish heart, so warm and kind,  
So pure and trusting, too.

Her sire, a man of God, she said,  
What hopes on her had laid;  
And told how many moons were gone  
Since her deep grave was made.

She told me of living loved,  
The good who lingered near;  
And of the treasured absent ones,  
Distant but ever dear;

How Mary, in her sable weeds,  
That Echo bade to come,  
Had gone from their tried love to share  
A Christian herald's home.

O, Echo Hill, on summer night,  
In Penn's green land afar,  
Sibyl and words, in mem'ry still,  
What peerless things ye are!

O, ne'er on Dreamland's haunted shore,  
Saw I so fair a scene;  
Nor fairer thou, in classic clime  
Or storied land, I ween!

Count that day lost,  
Whose low-descending sun  
Views from thy hand  
No worthy action done.



## THE FREE CITY OF FRANKFORT.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

GERMANY contains within its widely extended domain, no city more intimately interwoven with its history and dearest interests than the free city of Frankfort. It is one of the few cities still in existence as "free cities" of that formidable league which, in former times, banded together to annihilate the increasing power of the barons and their vassals; who, in their castles and strongholds, became robbers by profession, and frequently sallied out on expeditions against all the traders on their way to neighboring cities to attend the annual fairs. These free cities once numbered scores, and became so powerful as finally to rule all Germany; at present Hamburg, Frankfort, Bremen, and Lubeck are all that remain of the renowned league. These still retain the name of free cities, and enjoy certain rights and prerogatives not known in other parts of Germany. They have their own municipal regulations and their own senate, and, although members of the Germanic confederation, are, nevertheless, independent of any of the ruling monarchs.

Frankfort is now preëminently a city of traders, and full of Jews. The latter are keen as razors in their dealings; and the Germans have a saying, that if one falls into the hands of a Frankfort Jew his fate is sealed—they are the "Peter Funks" of German commerce.

We will suppose ourselves approaching Frankfort just previous to a fair, when all is bustle and confusion. The rail and steamer have done much toward sweeping off the peculiarities of modes of transport to the fair; but even with these powerful rivals, the old-fashioned "market-boat," as it is termed, still exists, and is patronized by many on account of habit or economy. Immense scows are frequently attached to the steamers and towed up the river Main with wares and produce from the Rhine. These market-boats are perfect curiosities; their decks are completely covered with the baggage and wares of the passengers. On this uneven floor of boxes, chests, barrels, bags, bales, and baskets, slide, climb, and tumble all the Christian passengers that have trusted their fortunes to the scow. The worthy and usurious sons of Israel, with their long beards and long black bombazine coats, extending like gowns to their very feet, always occupy the cabin below deck, and fairly produce a pest there by the peculiar atmosphere which they engender; for it is no less strange than true, that the lower classes of Jews, like the negroes, have a peculiar odor. This is, no doubt, caused by their extremely slovenly habits; for soap and water appear not to enter into their vocabulary, and the sleeves, elbows, and backs of their bombazine gowns fairly shine with a coat of greasy dirt that time has incorporated with the fabric. These facts are so well known and appreciated by the Christian passengers, that they never take refuge in the cabin,

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unless the very sluice-gates of the clouds are opened upon them, when stern necessity compels them to submit to the fragrance of the bearded Jews. Men of all nations, races, ages, and classes, here swarm through each other like the tenants of an ant-hill; some making bargains before the fair commences, others selling wine, beer, fruit, and cakes, and still others measuring goods, grinding organs, or playing pranks. In short, a market-boat is a swimming fair and a little world.

At last the boat approaches the landing-place in Frankfort, and leaving this conglomeration of humanity to feeze, fuss, and worry, pull and haul among boxes, bales, carts, dogs, donkeys, and horses, we will ramble over the antique old city and ruminate on the thousand events of its fitful life.

Antique, did we say? Go with us first to the street of Mayence, or, to use its aristocratic cognomen, the "*Millionaire street*," and tell us if that bears any marks of antiquity. Look at its long row of stately palaces on either side, and listen to the stories of modern luxury to be found within their walls. O no! this is not antiquity, although within a stone's-throw of all that is unique and antiquated. Railroads and steamboats have given Frankfort an impulse that has caused a modern city to grow up around an old one. The suburbs of Frankfort tell of wealth and splendor; even the old fortifications of the city have been torn away and the space they once occupied is now covered with beautiful groves, interspersed with gravel walks, and bowers, and ponds, and seats, whence the lounge can look into the gardens of private edifices on one side, and view the magnificent façades of costly palaces on the other. The public institutions of Frankfort are constructed and conducted on a large and generous scale. The hotels are equal in beauty and comfort to any on the continent, and brilliant stores adorn the boulevards.

Frankfort may be considered the central point of Germany, and toward it seem to bend all the means of communication. Travelers crowd to it in great numbers, and there is, perhaps, hardly a city in Germany that sees more strangers in the course of a year. Its hotels are, therefore, considered a sort of institution in which the best hosts and waiters are educated. The result is, that many of the birds of passage rest some days in Frankfort, in these gorgeous and comfortable hotels, previous to taking their flight to parts unknown and evils they wot not of in the inns of country villages. To catch birds with such fine feathers as pleasure travelers generally wear, all sorts of attractions are offered for sale in the emporiums of art and curiosities. For who can pass through Frankfort without purchasing something for friends and dear ones at home? Here are assortments of ivory and horn-work, and there thousands of ornaments in alabaster, many of them perfect specimens of art, and not a few of them miniature models of celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the great masters. If these do not suit,

go with us into another establishment, where may be found the most beautiful engravings of all spots worthy of a visit on a European tour—delightful souvenirs of pleasure once enjoyed. It is extremely easy for corpulent pockets to spend a few hundred, or even thousands, in Frankfort, in this agreeable way, and quite as easy to send them home; for the dealers do so large a business of this kind that they understand all the little tricks of transport expenses and custom-houses, and have every facility for smoothing down these asperities of purchases, and quieting the troubled consciences of spouses and papas, who know that "the things will be more trouble than they're worth." We boldly venture the assertion that the dealers of Frankfort stand in high repute with daughters and mammas.

The question may arise, What supports this opulence and splendor—what draws these crowds of pleasure tourists? We reply: As a commercial city Frankfort is the second in Germany. Hamburg is only superior on account of the natural advantage of being near the sea, and thus securing foreign trade. The Rothschilds are at home in Frankfort, and those who have established their private banks in London and Paris date their origin from Frankfort. This is quite sufficient to show the importance of Frankfort as a place for bankers and exchange business. Nearly all the public loans for Germany are negotiated in Frankfort, and the rates quoted on the exchange in this city are anxiously watched throughout the whole country.

But Frankfort has other sources of wealth than commerce and banking, and the attractive position which draws so many strangers within its walls. In a political sense it is the capital of Germany, and the seat of the permanent session of the representatives of the Germanic Confederation. These gentlemen are termed ambassadors, receive very heavy salaries, and gather around them a very numerous retinue. Each of the large states sends a representative, with one or more votes according to its importance. These, amounting to twenty or thirty, form a permanent college, that discusses and, to a certain extent, settles all questions that concern the whole confederation. So large a number of diplomatists naturally creates a very brilliant circle, and gives tone to the aristocratic society of the city. Hence, therefore, the stately palaces that line the principal promenades—diplomatists and bankers are their inmates. Frankfort has been, from time immemorial, the political focus of Germany. Even in the middle ages the diets, elections for emperor, and the coronation were held within its walls. These ceremonies continued down to the present century, when, on the fall of the German empire, Frankfort still retained its political importance by becoming the seat of the confederated government.

Germany has no capital in the sense in which London and Paris are capitals. These cities are the hearts of their respective countries, and every pulse that beats in the extremities simply answers

their impulse. Frankfort, on the contrary, is but a political and banking center, while Vienna carries off the palm for wealth and splendor, and Berlin for active industry and learning.

The origin and foundation of Frankfort is thus told by an early historian: During the reign of Charlemagne, there was a war between him and the Saxons, in which the latter conquered the Franks. When the Franks arrived at the river now known as the Main, and were, in their retreat, obliged to cross it without any knowledge of the ford, they were in great consternation; when suddenly a deer appeared and, as they supposed, in divine mercy, led the way over the shallow part of the river. From this circumstance the place was named Frankford, now written Frankfort.

There is no doubt that Frankfort owes its origin to the wars between Charlemagne and the Saxons; and the fact that there was an excellent ford across the river at this spot, although tradition has doubtless added much romance to the story. It finally became the stronghold of Charlemagne and his successors, and was strongly fortified for their protection. In our ramble through the outskirts of the city, nothing is more likely to attract attention than the numerous watch-towers which surround Frankfort like a belt. They were built a short distance from the city, and were provided with guards, who were continually pacing the turrets, on the look-out for the enemy, especially the robbing hordes that occasionally made their descent on the city during the annual fairs. If one of these bands were seen approaching, the alarm was sounded, the gates closed, and every thing placed in readiness for defense.

These towers still stand on neighboring eminences, although their occupation is long since gone. They are still preserved, but used as dwellings or mills, etc. Their appearance, in connection with their history, adds much to the romantic feeling with which one gazes on the old city.

But of all these the old Eschenheimer tower, over one of the city gates, is the most interesting in its appearance. It is the only one of the inner towers that now remains. The progress of the age has torn down all the others to make way for modern improvements. There it stands as a relic of olden time, surrounded by the ivy that clings to its walls. Here and there a fissure tells of the broads of time or the assault of an enemy. On the main tower sits a large bulb like an onion, and on this are four smaller towers, that seem to form a family group. The whole is surmounted by an immense weathercock, in which is perceived the figure 9, and whereby hangs a tale, which we will tell. The Eschenheimer tower has long been, and is still, a sort of prison for evil-doers; and out of the barred windows, now and then, peep a pair of eyes belonging to some malefactor curious to know why we are gazing at his antique quarters. Hans Winkelsee, the most notorious poacher of his time, was once confined in the Eschenheimer tower. The old

weathercock was just above his apartment, and the winds of winter kept it unceasingly turning and screaming over his head. For nine long nights it robbed him of his rest, and gave him ample time to reflect on his precarious situation. He was condemned to be hung for poaching, and considered this rather a prosy termination to a poetical career. During the ninth night he kept ruminating, pro and con, on a plan to get his neck out of the noose, and at last hit on this lucky thought: "Hans Winkelsee," says he, "is the best shot in Frankfort, and it is a crying shame to put the hemp about his neck for exercising his skill on aristocratic game. There is one bird, however, that Hans might shoot without any great degree of harm, and that's the screaming weathercock now turning, and twisting, and grinding above his head." His plans were matured by morning, and when the jailer made his early visit, Hans proposed, in presence of all the people in the town, to shoot nine balls into the weathercock, and do it so nicely that they should form the figure 9, in commemoration of the nine sleepless nights during which he had concocted the plan.

This was considered so rare a feat that citizens, counselors, and judges consented to a trial of his skill. A gallows was erected near the tower, on which he was to be hung instant if one ball missed fire. Hans received his favorite rifle, kissed it, and fired the first shot. A shout of triumph rose; he had hit the desired point in the weathercock to a hair's breadth. Another and another shot followed, till nine formed a perfect figure 9, and Hans Winkelsee, the poacher, was led off victorious amid the cheers of "judges grave and ladies gay." And this is the story of the figure 9 in the old weathercock that braves the storms on the Eschenheimer tower.

We will next wander over to the old cathedral, which has been the scene of many of the most interesting events in German history. Its exterior presents a somber and antiquated aspect, and tells on its very face the story of a thousand years. Most of the German emperors have received their blessing and the crown within its walls, and on the latter hang many relics which trace back their origin to these scenes. From the cathedral the coronation procession proceeded to the "*Kaisersaal*," in the old state-house known as the "*Roemer*," or Roman, from the fact that there the Roman emperors, as the German emperors were also called, received from the electors their first state festival. The emperor, on this occasion, was surrounded and waited on by the electors themselves.

The "*Kaisersaal*," or Emperor's Hall, is an oblong saloon in the second story of the Roemer. The walls of the hall are indented by recesses, or niches, large enough to contain the full-length paintings of the German emperors. In the beginning of the last century these were filled with the half-length portraits of the German emperors from Conrad the First, each placed in a niche. A strange

coincidence here occurred, which still exerts a superstitious influence on the minds of the masses in Germany. The last emperor, previous to the fall of the empire, filled the last niche in the *Kaisersaal*, which thus had been, as it were, a prophet, foretelling the number of heads that would bear the German crown before Napoleon should trample it in the dust. But the artistic finish of these half-length pictures did not satisfy the demands of the lovers of art in Frankfort in the present century. There is a flourishing school of painting in Frankfort itself, and the artists of Düsseldorf and Munich are world-renowned. These determined that the rulers of the Germanic empire, from its rise till its fall, should be painted in a manner worthy of the father-land, and a committee of artists was appointed in Frankfort for that purpose: Lessing, of Düsseldorf, received an order for one painting, some of the first artists of Frankfort undertook others gratuitously, and twenty-one were ordered by various associations or citizens. The Rhenish Art Union had four painted at its own expense, an association in Bavaria sent three, and Ferdinand the First, of Austria, employed the first artists of his realm in painting the six emperors of his house. These are now all finished, and each occupies its niche in chronological order. Need we say more than this to justify our visit to the "*Kaisersaal*?" It is the German empire reanimated by the vivifying influence of German art.

A great curiosity in the vicinity of the *Kaisersaal* is the old parish tower, a structure that employed a host of laborers over a hundred years in its construction. It is about two hundred and fifty feet in height, and on its top is an immense cap or globe, which is the residence of the bell-ringer of the tower. The object of the bell on the summit is to ring the fairs out and in; for in Frankfort every thing relates to the fairs, every point in the social and commercial compass turns toward the fairs. The booths and shambles, full of every thing ever dreamed of in philosophy, crouch and gather under the very windows of the *Kaisersaal* and up to the base of the parish tower. The autumnal fair has returned yearly ever since the time of Louis the German, and the Easter fair had its origin under Louis the Bavarian.

Ascending the parish tower, we step out on a gallery which surrounds the elevated dwelling of the bell-ringer. Here we enjoy a view which richly repays the labor of the ascent. Below is a panorama, not only of what we expect of Frankfort and its environs, but of the whole valley of the Main, bounded by the picturesque range of the Taunus Mountains. This region of the Taunus is one of the most charming for little excursions in all Germany; and the Frankforters are celebrated for their numerous spring and summer parties to the Feldberg, and even as far as the ruins of Königstein, that peep over the intervening hills to look at the residence of the bell-ringer of the parish tower. Among these hills and valleys may be found the

country houses and villas of the wealthy Frankforters, adorning every attractive point; and on holidays swarms of the city denizens range over these charming regions. In other directions we perceive the heights of the Odenwald and the peak of the famed Melibocus. On the other side of the river is the Frankfort forest, a retreat full of places of amusement, and refreshment, and shady groves for those whose time, means, or inclination induces them to seek recreation near the city limits.

Some of these spots are well worthy of a closer inspection than the summit of the parish tower; and we will, therefore, make our way down its long flight of steps, and repair to the celebrated Rothschild villa, not very far from the Bockenheimer gate. In so doing we pass the new church-yard, and, entering its noble portals, pass on to the celebrated family vault of the bankers Bethmann. They are known throughout Germany as enthusiastic supporters of whatever is great and noble in the arts, regardless of expense; and their family vault is adorned with an imperishable monument from Thorwaldsen, which is well worthy of a minute description, in order to give a faint idea of the talent of the artist and the liberality of his patron. In the middle group is a dying figure resting on a block of marble, with the back reclining on a genius whose face is turned away, and in whose left hand is an inverted torch. The right hand holds a bunch of poppies, and hangs down over the shoulder of the deceased, while the arm seems to support the head. Before the figure is passing a powerful form in a flowing robe, which raises the right hand of the deceased and presses into it a garland of fame made of oak-leaves. The group on the right of this consists of three figures representing the bereaved mourners—the middle figure, with hands raised to heaven, is the wife, and the two maidens are the daughters of the deceased. One is kneeling before the mother, with the head reposing in her lap; while the other reclines her right hand on the sister's shoulder, and with the left supports her head. In the third group is the muse of history placing her right foot on the wheel of time; on the support thus formed lies a tablet of stone, on which she is writing with a style. Before her a river god is pouring water from an urn; in his right hand is a rudder guiding his destiny, while ears of corn and wild flowers deck his brow. *Thorwaldsen fecit* is its only inscription.

In the Bethmann garden, belonging to the city mansion, is another group scarcely equaled in the annals of art, and by the same immortal artist. It is Ariadne on the panther. The figure of Ariadne reclining on the panther is exquisite and true beyond expression. It is as large as life, and so arranged in the saloon which it occupies, that colored curtains throw a subdued flesh-colored light over her form. One hesitates to decide whether it is lifeless marble or flesh and blood.

Hastening on to the Rothschild villa, we find wealth expended in modern luxury and comfort,

added to nameless beauties of art—a sort of Tusculum inhabited by Shylock instead of Cicero. Look on this picture, reader, and then on that, as we lead you through a sea of houses and maze of lanes to the notorious and celebrated Jews' street—*Judenstrasse*—and show you the dingy, somber dwelling in which the present Rothschild family first beheld the light. In our mind's eye we still see the venerable mother of this family of money-kings sitting at the window, out of which she had looked while generations had come and gone; but since that time she has been gathered to her ancestors.

The *Judenstrasse* is a double row of high, narrow, and almost black houses—dirty in appearance, and so near together that the so-called street is a mere lane, not admitting the passage of horses and vehicles. The street is long and the houses are deep, so that a dense population lives within its precincts. As you pass into it, you feel that the sun has never shone on its pavement, and every thing is damp and moldy; and in a moment you perceive that you are among another race. Dirt and filth, a thousand strange odors, with strange faces and strange dialects, tell too clearly to be mistaken, that the *Judenstrasse* is inhabited by peculiar beings. Such a depot of old iron and rags, broken crockery and tattered garments, boots destitute of tops and shoes of toes, with a thousand other clap-traps and dilapidated relics of things that once were, never before met our astonished eyes. Well may the *Judenstrasse* of Frankfort be called the "Jews' quarter;" and little is the wonder, that for centuries the Christian authorities of the city locked and barred their street at night with ponderous gates! Early associations in the mind of the mother of the Rothschilds were so strong, that her children could never prevail upon her to leave the home where she gave them birth for princely quarters in a palace.

Come, gentle reader, on one more small trip, and we shall tease you no longer. That long aristocratic-looking street that you see extending toward the river, is the *Hirschgasse*. Half-way down, on the right hand side, you perceive a large mansion that is evidently the home of wealth and comfort. We are now near enough to perceive the coat of arms over the door, and you see that it is composed of three lyres. But between the second and third stones you see the marble plate set into the wall, and on it you read,

"In this house was born  
Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe."

Do you regret our last ramble, and are you now prepared to say that the free city of Frankfort is not worthy of a souvenir in our group of reminiscences?

THE way, says Locke, to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own, whether they be reasonable.



## LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLEMING.

## CHAPTER XVI

Autobiography of Mr. W. resumed.—Reflections on coming "of age"—Enters as clerk in a store—Mathematics without a teacher—Debating societies—His ill health—Advised to travel—Roads in Ohio, as they then were—Mr. W. goes on a tour to Cincinnati—Incidents of travel—White-Oak Swamp—Arrives at Cincinnati—Sets off on his return—Perilous crossing of White-Oak creek—Reaches home—Appointed to bear returns of election of President and Vice-President to Washington—Reflections on the election.

HAVING devoted several chapters to brief biographical notices of others, we now return to the personal narrative of the subject of these "leaves." Yet in doing this, we are not without our apprehensions—too well founded, we fear—that the dull incidents of his humble walks through life are too devoid of interest to engage the attention of the reader. We shall, however, as we pass along, introduce from the leaves of his autobiography frequent notices of men and things that may afford greater interest.

On one of the leaves, under date of October 16, 1807, we find it noted that on this day Mr. W. reached the age of twenty-one years; and according to custom and the laws of his country, was now "of age"—one of the independent sovereigns of the nation, and free to go whithersoever he would, and to do whatsoever seemed right in his own eyes, having regard to the rights of others and the laws of the land. He possessed no worldly wealth, and his parents were too poor to aid him any in commencing business. But this gave him not a moment's concern. He was conscious of his own innate capacity for "acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." And buoyant with hope, he looked abroad upon "the wide, the unbounded prospect" which lay before him, and exclaimed,

"All ye for me your tributary stores combine;  
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine."

His ardor, however, was duly attempered by a humble reliance upon the protection and favor of divine Providence. His reflections, therefore, on this natal day, were such as became a young man just beginning the world for himself, with a fixed purpose of soul to "fear God and work righteousness." He looked upon the future of his earthly pilgrimage with a Christian—a philosophic eye, and implicitly soliloquized:

"Serenely calm roll on, ye coming years;  
And if my joys are few, few be my fears.  
Stationed so low on this revolving ball,  
There's room to hope I have not far to fall,  
What Heaven ordains, let me with thanks receive;  
For to dispose is God's prerogative.  
If he afflicts, still let me kiss the rod;  
Nor let me dare to murmur once at God."

Mr. W. continued work in his father's shop till the following December, when symptoms of consumption returning, he was obliged to desist; and

soon afterward he engaged as a clerk in Samuel Brown's dry goods store, on Water-street. During the winter evenings, when not engaged in the store, he studied plane geometry and trigonometry from an elementary treatise on those branches of mathematics, containing Gibson's "Theory and Practice of Surveying;" and, without the aid of a teacher, completed those studies in the course of the winter. Disliking the mercantile business, chiefly on account of the deception, as to the prices and quality of the goods, usually practiced then, he withdrew from the employment and returned to his former business with his father.

It may not be out of place to notice here the formation of two debating societies in Chillicothe, about this period. One of these was the "Theological Society," composed of ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its object was the consideration and discussion of questions in theology. Its meetings were held weekly, in the evening. The questions, which were always proposed the week previous, often elicited animated debate, and at the close the question was taken by ayes and noes—being always proposed in the interrogatory form to admit of the vote being so taken. The other association was the "Philo-Polemic Society," and was composed of young men of the town who were desirous of improving themselves in the acquisition of useful knowledge and in public speaking. Their meetings were also held weekly. Of each of these societies Mr. W. was an active member; and although they may have contributed to extend somewhat the limited boundaries of his knowledge, yet he made no proficiency in the art of speaking—an art which he seems to have had no capacity to acquire.

Early in October, 1808, Mr. W. suffered a severe attack of bilious remittent fever, which terminated in the recurrence of symptoms strongly threatening a confirmed phthisis pulmonalis, which his friends seriously apprehended would carry him to an early grave. By blistering and bleeding, however, the disease of the lungs and the cough so far abated that he was able to ride on horseback, and his physician advised him to travel for the restoration of his health. "I should like to take your advice, doctor," said Mr. W., "but am too poor to defray the expense of a long journey." Governor Kirker, who was a warm friend of young W., was present, and on hearing his reply to the doctor, immediately responded, "Never mind that; if you will undertake a journey I will pay your traveling expenses, and compensate you beside out of the state treasury." A few days after this the Governor and Secretary of State proceeded to count the votes from the several counties for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, at the election held on the first Friday of November that year. On ascertaining officially who were chosen electors, the Governor deputed Mr. W. to bear the notification of his election to Stephen Wood, who was one of them, residing fifteen miles west of Cincin-

nati. Mr. W., although still very feeble, and suffering from pain in his breast and cough, immediately set off on the journey.

It will be borne in mind, that in those days there was not a mile of turnpike road in the state of Ohio. Nor of the roads that had been opened were any even graded and thrown up. The swamps and marshes over which the roads passed had not yet been provided with "corduroy bridges," to save the weary traveler from being mired; and few, if any, of the streams had been bridged, however perilous or difficult the passage of them might be. Stage-coaches, wagons, and other traveling vehicles were laid aside during the winter months, the roads being impassable to them. And as for railroads, the very conception of them had not yet entered into the heart of man. A trip from Chillicothe to Cincinnati—ninety-two miles—required then as much time, in laborious travel, as it does now to be conveyed in splendid railroad cars and magnificent steamboats from Cincinnati to Boston—some twelve hundred miles! So much for the achievements of science and art in this progressive age.

Under such circumstances we shall see, by some extracts from his notes of "incidents of travel," how Mr. W., in his infirm state of health, succeeded in wending his way.

"Thursday, November 17, 1808. Left Chillicothe this forenoon on a tour to Cincinnati, to notify Stephen Wood of his election as one of the electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. In the evening reached the house of Thomas Dill, about half a mile below the crossings of Paint creek, sixteen miles from Chillicothe, and put up for the night.

"Friday, 18th. Started early, and passing Bainbridge, proceeded eight miles to Nathaniel Willis's—at Willis's Cross Roads'—and breakfasted. Mr. Willis was formerly editor and proprietor of the 'Scioto Gazette' newspaper, published in Chillicothe. After selling out there he settled on this farm, and kept public house. In the afternoon passed through the village of Newmarket, and some time before night reached the cabin of Mr. Porter; where, finding that it was fifteen miles to the next house, I remained till next morning.

"Saturday, 19th. Set off very early, having nineteen miles to ride before breakfast, and very soon I entered the 'White-Oak swamp,' which continued about thirteen miles. The mire in the road was so deep that I found it impossible to pursue it without sticking fast, and had, therefore, to abandon it, and press through the dense and brushy forest on one side or the other. While in the midst of the swamp a violent storm of rain, with lightning and thunder, arose, which continued two hours, the rain falling in torrents all the time. Of course I was thoroughly wet, and even the feet of my boots were filled with water. Reached Williamsburg about noon and breakfasted, and dried my clothes as well as I could, and proceeded on my journey, intending to reach Newtown, eighteen

miles, before dark. But night overtook me five miles short of the town, and I had to plow through the mud, slowly and carefully, the darkness being so great that no object was visible save the opening through the tree-tops overhanging the road on either side. Stopped for the remainder of the night at a mean, dirty tavern, kept in a dilapidated, unpainted little frame house on the south side of the main street in Newtown—the only public house, I believe, in the place.

"Sunday, 20th. When I left home on Thursday, I expected to have reached Cincinnati yesterday afternoon, and could have done so but for the rains and muddy road. But rather than spend the Sabbath in such an uncomfortable and filthy hovel, I determined this morning to push on to Cincinnati, ten miles further. Set off at an early hour, and on reaching the Little Miami river, two miles distant, I found it so swollen with the heavy rains of yesterday as to be past fording. There being no ferry-boat nearer than the mouth of the river, about four miles below, I was obliged to clamber along the steep hill-side and through a densely wooded bottom, there being no road opened, and not even a path. Being ferried over, I proceeded on through Columbia, and reached Cincinnati about eleven o'clock, and put up at Carpenter's inn. Here I learn that Mr. Wood, for whom I have the Governor's notice of his election, is expected in town to-day or to-morrow.

"Sunday evening. Mr. Wood arrived at Carpenter's this afternoon, having come to town with the expectation of meeting the messenger here with his notification; and I was glad to see him, as it will save me thirty miles ride to and from his house on the Great Miami, which would have occupied the whole of to-morrow.

"Mr. Carpenter, I find, was formerly a printer, and edited and published the 'Western Spy' newspaper in this town, the bound volumes of which he showed me with much self-gratulation. He seems somewhat eccentric, and is exceedingly talkative and fond of displaying his knowledge, reminding me, in some things, of the country schoolmaster, in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'

"Monday, 21st. A heavy rain this morning prevented my leaving town, on my return home, till ten o'clock. Crossing the Little Miami river at its mouth again, I climbed along the hill-side to the main road, and at Newtown fell in with a traveler going to Hillsboro, whose agreeable company served to beguile the tedium of plowing through excessively muddy roads. In the evening reached Williamsburg and put up for the night.

"Tuesday, 22d. After breakfast we pursued our journey, and soon entered the White-Oak swamp, now flooded by the late rains. Having twenty-eight miles—the greater part deep swamp—of laborious travel before us, to get to Hillsboro, short of which no lodging could be had, we used all diligence lest night should overtake us before we could clear the swamp. On reaching White-Oak

creek, we found, to our dismay, that it was bank full, and could not be passed without swimming! What was now to be done? There were no houses where we could lodge nearer than Williamsburg, which we left in the morning. There was, then, no alternative left but to go back to that place, or risk our lives in an attempt to swim the stream. After a brief consideration of the matter, we determined upon the latter course, notwithstanding the feeble state of my health. On the opposite side of the creek, immediately below the ford, was a long, inundated bar, covered with a dense thicket of willows standing several feet above the surface of the water. Above and below the ford the bank was too precipitous to enter the stream, which was so swift, that in swimming our horses would be in danger of being swept down among the willows and entangled therein. But who was to plunge in first? This was a serious question; and failing to determine it otherwise, we resorted to the lot, which, to my great relief, fell upon my fellow-traveler, who happened to be the better mounted of the two. 'Screwing his courage up to the sticking point,' and tying his saddle-bags across his shoulders, he plunged into the stream right manfully; and as his horse was a good swimmer, he reached the opposite bank in safety, although he was swept across the willows a little below the head of the bar. I looked on with intense interest till he reached the opposite bank. My horse was a small and slender animal, and I knew not whether he could swim any. I felt the peril of my situation. I weighed for a moment the chances of my escape, and they seemed to be against me. But the desperate venture must be made. Casting myself, in ejaculatory prayer, upon the protection of an Almighty arm, I entered the torrent a few yards above the ford, where the bank was very steep, and where my horse was swimming by the time he had gone his own length from the shore. At the moment of entering I sprang upon the saddle with my knees, and placed a foot at each side of it; and seizing the horse's mane, I balanced myself so as to escape getting wet above my loins. But I succeeded not so well as my fellow-traveler in getting out. My horse was swept down into the thickest of the willows, where, getting his feet entangled in the bushes, he floundered a moment or two, to my great danger of being thrown off into the stream, and in the midst of the willows, where I would, in all probability, have been drowned. By a violent effort, however, my horse became disentangled from the willows, and horse and rider reached the shore in safety. I felt conscious, now, that I owed my escape from death to an overruling Providence, and lifted up my heart in thankfulness to my kind Preserver. We had yet fourteen miles to ride, and more than one-half of it swamp, before reaching Hillsboro; and we were wet, and a cold, north-west wind prevailed. To keep from suffering with the cold we dismounted two or three times, after leaving the swamp, and walked, or, rather, ran awhile, till we got warm. About sunset we

reached Hillsboro, and soon felt the comfort of a blazing fire, to warm ourselves and dry our clothing.

"Wednesday, 23d. After an early breakfast, I pursued my journey, passing through a fine tract of country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and with decidedly better roads than those I passed over west of Hillsboro. On reaching the Rocky Fork of Paint creek, at its junction with that stream, I found it impassable from the late rains. Fortunately an old rickety canoe was procured, in which I was ferried over, swimming my horse along side of the canoe. I was ferried over Paint creek at Reeves's Crossing, and a little before dark reached home.

"And now, in looking back upon my journey, I consider it remarkable, nay, providential, that, notwithstanding the bad roads, the inclement weather, the exposure to the rains, and the perils of the flood, my health, instead of being impaired thereby, has evidently improved, although my cough is still troublesome."

The three electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, for the state of Ohio, met at the seat of government—Chillicothe—and cast their votes for James Madison, of Virginia, for President, and John Langdon, of New Hampshire, for Vice-President. [Three electoral votes were all that the great state of Ohio could then claim. Forty-four years have since passed away. And now, on this day—November 2, 1852—while we are transcribing this "leaf," the three hundred and fifty thousand voters of Ohio are at the polls, depositing their ballots for the twenty-three electors of President and Vice-President of this great nation, that being the number which the population of that state is now entitled to.]

Without the knowledge or solicitation of Mr. W., his kind friend, Governor Kirker, procured for him the appointment, by the electors, of special messenger, to carry the returns of their votes for President and Vice-President to Washington City. To undertake a journey of four hundred and fifty miles, in his still delicate state of health, and in that inclement season of the year, and with such bad roads, was, to say the least, somewhat perilous. Yet Mr. W. hesitated not, but accepted the appointment promptly, and immediately made the necessary preparations for it. The journal of his tour to Washington City is before us, and selections from it will be given in our next chapter.

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THERE are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those, too, who have heard "its still small voice" amid rural leisure and placid retirement. But perhaps most frequently it impresses the mind during the season of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart.

## JESSE LEE IN LYNN AND BOSTON.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

Not so soon had Brush, Roberts, and Smith arrived, than Lee was planning new incursions into other parts of New England. Leaving his brethren in charge of the lower Connecticut, he started on a tour of exploration up the river to Hartford, and across the country to Farmington. Returning to New Haven, he spent a few weeks in forming the New Haven circuit, extending along the post-road from New Haven to Hartford, and embracing three cities, five thickly settled towns, and several villages. He then wended his way along the valley of the Connecticut, across Massachusetts, into Vermont, from whence he crossed the river into New Hampshire, reentered Massachusetts east of the Connecticut, and returned along the eastern valley to Middletown. During the excursion he made all available observations, and preached wherever he could find hearers.

During all this time he was meditating an attack on Boston, the city of the Puritans. The latter part of June, 1790, he was ready to start on his daring and adventurous expedition to the metropolis of the east. He crossed the Connecticut at Middletown, proceeded to Norwich, passed down the Thames to New London, advanced along the coast to Stonington, entered Rhode Island, crossed the Narragansett to Newport, and passed through Bristol and Warren to Providence. All along the route, at all the cities and villages, wherever he could find opportunity, he preached, often with great freedom and cordial acceptance. Rhode Island was not cursed, like Connecticut and Massachusetts, with an established religion. Prejudice and power were, therefore, less available for the defeat of his chivalrous and benevolent mission. From Providence he started for Boston. He had before him a journey of forty miles, through a country in which, though thickly settled, he knew not one man, not one woman, not one child. When he had proceeded about ten miles, he saw a sight that greatly surprised him. At some distance up the road appeared, approaching him on horseback, a man dressed and accoutered in the distinctive style of a Methodist preacher. Lee stood astonished. Had Columbus, in his adventurous voyage, in search of the new world, met, far in the Western Atlantic, even in sight of San Salvadore, a ship displaying the flag of his own native country, he could not have been more surprised than was Lee at this sudden appearance of a Methodist preacher in so strange a place. As soon as he became assured there could be no mistake, he hastened forward and clasped the hand of the chivalrous and accomplished Freeborn Garretson, his old friend and fellow-laborer, now on his return south from a missionary tour in Nova Scotia. The meeting was one long to be remembered. Such exhibitions of welcome, of congratulation, of joy, and of fervent affection as passed

between the two travelers astonished the natives. The neighbors gathered round to inquire what had happened. As soon as the state of the case became understood, a gentleman living near by invited the travelers to his house. The invitation was cheerfully accepted. The two evangelists remained all that day and a part of the next, talking over the past, communing of the present, and anticipating the future. At night and in the morning they preached to their generous host and such of his neighbors as pleased to come together. It was a season of heavenly communings and refreshing reminiscences.

Lee, on parting from Garretson, continued on toward Boston. Night overtook him, and he found entertainment at a farm-house. The next morning, after riding a few miles, he came to the summit of a hill, from whence he saw before him the renowned city of the Puritans, with its spires gleaming in the morning sun, and with its suburban villages and appendages, presenting a scene of civic beauty, such as he had never seen before. Involuntarily stopping a moment to look on the wondrous scene, he was overwhelmed with the grandeur of the enterprise on which he had ventured. Gathering up his self-possession, he plunged down the hill, and was soon wending his way along the winding streets of Boston. He passed down Washington-street by the Old South church, and stopped a moment before the world-renowned Faneuil Hall. He looked about the famous Cornhill, but saw among the prominent signs no *Zion's Herald* nor *Methodist Bookstore*, familiar words, which the visitor at Cornhill can not now fail to observe as he passes along the street. He passed along Hanover-street and Bromfield lane, but no Methodist churches, such as now, by their elegance and costliness, astonish the stranger, were then to be found.

Having made a general survey and noted the landmarks of the city, he began to inquire for a place to preach the Gospel. Some stared at him in mute astonishment, and some laughed at him outright. "What would this fellow have? He preach in Boston? Have we not settled ministers in every parish in the city? What do we want of his preaching? Sir, you have brought your wares to the wrong market. You will do well to leave the city, or you may find yourself in the wrong pulpit." The day wore away in neglect and insult. The next day was the Sabbath. Lee waited till near evening, when the crowded population of Boston were accustomed to resort to the magnificent park, called the Common, to enjoy its cool breezes and shaded promenades.

In the midst of that paradise of the north stood then, and stands yet at this day, a magnificent elm. Beneath the branches of that gigantic tree, Lee stood up on a bench and began to sing. Four persons, attracted by the musical tones of his voice, came up to the place where he stood. Having sung his hymn, he knelt down to pray. His prayer, so free, so fervent, so spiritual, excited the deep



attention of the passers-by, accustomed, as they had been, to hear only the artificial, dull, precise, and long-winded prayers of the Puritan divines. When Lee arose from his knees, he found a large audience assembled. He stood up, opened his pocket Bible, gave out a text, and began to preach. His congregation rapidly increased, and when he concluded, there were present not less than three thousand persons. A sermon on the Common had not been heard since the days of Whitefield. The event excited much attention and wonder. Yet when the services were concluded, the people dispersed without any notice of the preacher. None took him by the hand, none bade him welcome to Boston, none invited him home.

Finding little present encouragement in Boston, Lee left the next day and went to the wealthy, mercantile city of Salem, where he was permitted to preach in Rev. Mr. Spalding's meeting-house, to a large and attentive audience. Intending to proceed east, he was advised in Salem to call, at Newburyport, on Rev. Mr. Murray, successor of the venerated Parsons, in whose house the seraphic Whitefield died, and in whose church he was buried. But the mantle of Parsons had not fallen on Murray. He could give no countenance to Lee, because he had just heard that some Methodist had passed up the Connecticut Valley, and had so far violated Puritanic order as to preach four times in one day. Lee, however, obtained of the town authorities permission to preach in the town-house; and having made an appointment for a meeting on his return, passed on to Portsmouth, where he was kindly received. On his return to Newburyport, he found the permission to occupy the town-house for preaching had been withdrawn. The house was, nevertheless, opened, and Lee preached to a serious and attentive congregation. Before leaving Newburyport he visited the tomb of Whitefield. He descended to the vault, and looked on the moldering remains of that remarkable man, whose zeal was a flaming seal, and whose words were burning eloquence, and who, for twenty years, had been sleeping beneath the pulpit from which he had often thundered the awful denunciations of divine wrath, and proclaimed the melting, moving invitations of mercy. It was to Lee a solemn exhibition, a sad spectacle. "Is this," thought he, "all that remains to earth of that man, whose voice could once transfix, with emotions of intense excitement, the sixty thousand listeners of Moorfields? who, on a mission of mercy, crossed the Atlantic thirteen times? whose hand could throw over the people a spell which no enchanter's wand might imitate? and whose name, through generations far in the future, will continue but another word for eloquence?"

From Newburyport he returned by Salem and Marblehead to Boston, where he arrived on Saturday, having made, in six days, a journey of one hundred and thirty miles, and having preached ten sermons.

On Sunday he preached again, under the old elm,

to about three thousand hearers. The next week he visited some of the villages in the neighborhood of Boston, and on the following Sunday repaired, for the third time, to the Common, and preached to five thousand souls.

Having made a random and experimental survey of the Bostonian regions of Puritandom, he returned, over his old stamping-ground in Connecticut, to the city of New York, to attend the conference of 1790. At conference he held a confidential interview, of three hours' duration, with Asbury. He gave the Bishop a general account of his labors, his difficulties, and his success, and explained his plan of operations for the future. Asbury had the judgment to appreciate, and the heart to favor the enterprise. He clothed Lee with plenary power in the New England field, and gave him five men, good and true, for his coadjutors. Marshaling his forces, Lee commenced the counter-march for New England. He posted Bloodgood, a prudent and skillful tactician, at Fairfield; John Lee, his own brother, a chivalrous youth, at New Haven; Mills, a brave and undaunted hero, at Hartford, and took Smith, the popular and eloquent Smith, along with him to Boston.

It was late in the evening of a chilly November day, when Lee, on his second visit, arrived at Boston. He was alone, his colleague, the beloved Smith, having been delayed on the way. Lee rode along the street in the very face of the Boston *east wind*, nearly as formidable as the African sirocco. It was growing dark. The people were hurrying along the side-walk, through the sleet and snow, to their homes; but the weary itinerant had no home to enter. He saw the lights from the cheerful hearths streaming out on the misty air through the windows; but at those firesides there was no place for him. He heard, as he passed along the street, cheerful domestic voices; but within those mansions and those cottages there was no father, nor mother, nor sister, nor companion, nor child, nor welcome for him. He had no place to rest his foot nor lay his head. But all this mattered little to him. Though darkness was all around him, there was no shadow on his heart. His spirit was basking in perpetual sunshine. The air was cold; but his soul was warmed by divine influences. He paused before the elegant and costly churches, with their towering spires, silver-toned bells, and pealing organs, and felt a presentiment that one day some itinerant brother of his might preach in the most elegant church of that city to a thousand Methodists. He paused before the tasteful homes of the people, and saw, by faith, the domestic altar raised within, and a pious father, just returned from a Methodist class meeting, performing his evening family devotions.

After several refusals, he found, at last, a place of entertainment at a private boarding-house. He retired to rest, and dreamed, for aught I know, of the beautiful chapel of Church-street, of the noble edifice of Bromfield-street, and of the costly struc-

ture of Hanover-street. He awoke in the morning, but the beautiful structure of his dreams had vanished like the fairy palace of Aladin, or, rather, they had not yet appeared, though he believed the wonderful lamp of evangelical truth, which he had come to light up in Boston, would yet produce them.

It was the Sabbath. He had no where to preach. The inclemency of the season rendered the outdoor temple on the Common unoccupiable. The Sabbath, therefore, passed without any satisfaction to him. During the week he tried every means of obtaining a preaching-place, but failed. Another week he resumed his efforts, but again failed. He applied for the court-house, but was refused. He asked for a school-house, but was denied. Four weeks were spent in vexatious and fruitless attempts to secure even a room. Every place was closed against him. He was every-where treated coldly, and often rudely. Those who had been his friends, on his first visit in the summer, seemed now estranged from him. They avoided meeting him, and appeared shy of being seen in his company. In the mean time, his funds were getting so low that he doubted whether he should have enough to pay his board bill up to that time.

In the midst of the deepest darkness, a faint gleam of light suddenly shot out from the east. He received a letter from Lynn, a large village, some ten miles from Boston, inviting him to visit the place. He did not need much urging. He left Boston about the middle of December, and arrived after dark in Lynn, at the house of Benjamin Johnson, who had been acquainted with Methodism in Maryland, and had written the letter of invitation to Lee. In this family Lee found a welcome and a home. It was cheering to his soul. The next morning the people of the village called in great numbers, and bade him welcome to the place, and expressed a strong desire to form a Methodist society. At night he preached to a serious and attentive congregation in Mr. Johnson's house. He spent several days preaching and visiting among the people.

He then returned to Boston, where Egyptian darkness still brooded over all his prospects. His landlord declined to accommodate him any longer with board. Had Lee not fortunately replenished his purse at Lynn, by selling a copy of the *Arminian Magazine*, which he happened to be reading, and which a gentleman took a notion to buy, he would have been unable to pay the board bill. As it was, he footed the bill, and had two shillings and one penny to spare; with this he felt perfectly satisfied. Could he always pay his debts, and have two shillings left, it would be, he said, enough to satisfy his highest aspirations for money.

He soon returned to Lynn, and made it headquarters, keeping still an eye on Boston, and writing occasionally to Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, Ipswich, and Danvers. He formed a society in Lynn, the first formed east of the Connecticut

river. It consisted, at first, of eight persons, but soon increased to sixty. He was cordially received by the people, and he thought he there had a place to stand and to apply his lever to move New England.

At the conference of 1791 the New England force was strengthened by an increase of laborers from five to twelve. Lee returned to the charge at Boston and the east. He proceeded at once to Lynn, where a meeting-house had been erected, and where he found the society in a state of prosperity truly encouraging. After remaining a few days in Lynn, he made an excursion north, as far as Greenland and Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Returning, and preaching a few times, he sallied out south into Rhode Island, and arranged a circuit along the shores of the Narragansett. Scarcely had he returned to Lynn, before he started on another tour over the central counties of Massachusetts to the Connecticut river, and down the valley of the Connecticut, and off to the south-west to Fairfield county, where he had first opened, a little more than two years before, the New England campaign. During this excursion, in about thirty days, he traveled over five hundred miles and preached forty sermons.

Returning from his tour in Connecticut, Lee spent the remainder of the ecclesiastical year in Lynn and its neighborhood. The conference for 1792 was held the first of August at Lynn. It was a memorable occasion. There were present Asbury, the indefatigable; Lee, the indomitable; Hope Hull, the surpassingly eloquent, and six others, mostly youthful heroes, equipped and ready for immediate and tireless action in the cause of truth. The New England preachers were increased, at this conference, from twelve to eighteen. They were divided, one detachment being placed under the command of Brush, in Connecticut, and the other marshaled under Lee, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Lee spent the year in traveling over his district, returning often to Lynn, his headquarters and favorite home. By determined and persevering efforts, he had succeeded in obtaining a foothold in Boston. At first he obtained a place to hold meetings in a private house in one of the obscure streets of the city. The meetings were continued in that place till the small society, which had been gathered, succeeded in obtaining access to a school-house. They were, however, permitted to occupy it but a short time. When that was closed against them they hired a hall in a hotel. After occupying it one Sabbath, they were informed by the landlord that they could have it no longer, as the "name of Methodist was too odious" for the credit of the house. The little society, consisting of only twelve persons, then met together and resolved to adhere and persevere. They obtained a private room in Ann-street, but soon had to give it up. They next hired a hall in the same street, and formally dedicated it to the service of God. In this hall Asbury himself, the great Asbury, once preached.

Stimulated by continual difficulties, they resolved, though only forty-two in number, to build a house of worship. They subscribed what they could. Lee collected for them four hundred dollars among his friends in the south, and finally they succeeded in erecting, in Methodist alley, in the north part of the city, the church in which have been heard, in powerful tones of thrilling eloquence, the voices of Asbury, and Coke, and Whatcoat, and Lee, and Hedding, and Pickering, and Broadhead, and Merritt, and Mudge.

By the indomitable perseverance of Lee, Methodism was thus established in Boston. From so small beginnings great results have sprung. I need say nothing of the present condition of Boston Methodism. Of the number, intelligence, influence, and power of the Methodist members, and of the beauty, commodiousness, and elegance of the Methodist churches in Boston the world has heard.

The success of Lee in Lynn was glorious. The place became the metropolis of eastern Methodism. The first Methodist society of Massachusetts was formed there; the first Methodist church was erected there; the first New England conference was held there; and the first native New England preacher was raised there. Lynn is, perhaps, the only large village in New England in which Methodism has acquired a decided ascendancy over all other denominations. The place is but a village, and yet there are probably not less than one thousand in full communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has maintained, through all changes, its pristine glory. It has enjoyed the pastoral services of men of renown; men, who were, intellectually and morally, giants in their day; men, whose names, on the roll of Methodism, stand above the reach of competition.

And here we must take leave of the city of the Puritans and of the famous borough of Lynn, and follow Lee in his adventurous expedition to new and unknown regions.

#### BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

SOME one said, "When a babe smiles in its sleep it is talking with angels." It may be so. If we could pass the portals that conduct to the dreams of a slumbering infant, we might behold scenes that would render the gorgeous visions and splendid imaginations of manhood most meager in comparison. Peradventure we might hear the angel also, would we but pause and listen; but alas! there are too many voices in our preoccupied hearts, and the multiplied sounds of the busy world drown these angel whisperings, so that we hear them not. Heaven grant that those heavenly visitors to young innocence may ever linger near them; and that when these children mingle with the world, as we are mingling, they may still talk with angels, and not, like thousands now, be mingling and aiding the spirits of darkness in their unholy work!

#### REVERIE BY A RIVULET.

BY JOSEPHINE A. FAYNE.

GENTLY flow, thou laughing rivulet,  
To the sea;  
Bearing on thy lucid bosom  
Dreams for me.

Listening to thy gentle murmur  
With a sigh,  
Thinking, like thy passing beauty,  
Pleasures die;

Knowing that a weeping mourner  
Loves thee well;  
And her thoughts are wandering with thee,  
Who can tell?

For her soul is in a shadow,  
Evermore;  
Shadow of a far-off island's  
Verdant shore;

Where her sailor-boy in beauty  
Sweetly sleeps,  
While a cypress bending o'er him,  
Ever weeps;

Thinking how he left her smiling  
All the while,  
Going to the bright and lovely  
India's isle;

Thinking of the lowering tempest's  
Robe of gloom;  
Thinking of the verdant island—  
Eddie's tomb.

Mother, lift thine eyes to heaven;  
India's isle  
Holdest not thy precious treasure,  
All the while.

In a land of glory dwelling,  
He is blest.  
Mother, let thy wakened sorrow  
Sweetly rest.

Comes the joyous song of gladness  
Eddie sung;  
And thy harp upon the willow  
Now is hung?

Mother, in the holy Eden  
Eddie sings;  
On the sacred air of heaven  
Music flings.

He is waiting for thee, mother,  
Even now,  
With the crown of glory resting  
On his brow.

Mourner, leave the murmuring streamlet—  
Look on high,  
To that land where pleasures never,  
Never die.

Gently flow, thou laughing rivulet,  
To the sea;  
Bearing on thy lucid bosom  
Dreams for me.

## A PARAGRAPH FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY FERDINAND.

WHEN the night has fallen over nature, and the stars are out, what is so delightful as to ascend a high hill, and look upon the world and the skies? A gentle shadow and a gentle light, commingling together, shed a serenity over the tree-tops, and in the valleys, and along the hill-sides, that is truly lovely. Throughout the skies, wherever the eye may rest, nothing is to be seen but sparks of brilliant light.

Creative power—how wonderful! Does not man feel insignificant as he beholds this illimitable extent of grandeur? Ye plodding, unthinking mortals, look up from the dust at your feet one moment; forget your toils for a time; forget your selfish cares; and worship and adore the God who made yon vast array of worlds. You stand in the very presence of God himself, at night, upon this hill. The trees, in the summer wind, breathe his name; the rolling spheres chant anthems to him in their onward flight; the still flowers in the valley, drooping their heads, modestly whisper of Him; the stream, quivering and glistening through the woodland, is full of lessons of God's wisdom, whether summer drinks its waters, whether the autumn leaf trembles upon its bosom, whether winter manacles it with his chilling gyves, or whether the spring gives it freedom to leap from rock to rock in silver gladness. All—God speaks and breathes through all.

There is but one rebellious subject among all his creation—one who does not uniformly acknowledge the supremacy of the Father, and follow his commands; and that subject is *man*—man, who owes most to the Father, because he has received the most good from his hands.

Are not man's capacities for enjoyment far above those of any created thing? And has he not had placed within his reach the choicest blessings of the divine Wisdom? But he has spurned those blessings from him without reason, and has taken up with evils that have crushed out the better nature given by God, and brought upon himself sin, and degradation, and despair.

O, that lost Eden, where all was peace, innocence, and love! O, that dread hour that branded the elder son of Adam! Nothing but darkness has followed that hour. Nothing but darkness exists for man in this world for all time to come. Were it not that the "dearly beloved Son" had passed down into the grave, and smoothed its roughness, and breathed beauty through its dark ways, and lit it up with the burning light of compassionate love, there were even no hope beyond the boundaries of time for fallen man. But He *hath* smoothed the way; he *hath* cleared up the darkness of death; and we may enter the portals of the grave, trusting in him, without fear. They that sleep death's deep sleep will the Redeemer, in the great day, bring with him to eternal glory.

## CLEANLINESS.

BY CRITICUS.

JOHN WESLEY's maxim, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," embraces a great deal of practical wisdom. Some persons who have lived since the days of Mr. Wesley have promulgated the idea that dirt is healthy. This has arisen, no doubt, from the fact that children may play in the dust and dirt, and yet have full cheeks and active, healthy bodies. It is the open air that makes them healthy, and not any thing that may accumulate in the shape of dirt on their hands and faces. The lungs, bowels, and the skin are employed in throwing off those waste particles of food not employed in the nourishment of the body. The skin has the largest duty, in this respect, to perform, throwing off, as it does, twenty ounces every twenty-four hours, by means of insensible perspiration. Hence the need of washing the whole body every day. The pores of the system, which are filled with matter exhaled from the blood, become thus cleansed and ready to perform more perfectly the duty assigned them. Articles worn next to the skin should be changed very frequently, and no piece of apparel should be worn at night which has been in use through the day.

Miss Beecher, in her treatise on Domestic Economy, devotes an entire chapter to the subject of daily bathing or washing the body. Every family would do well to have a shower-bath. As now made, this article of furniture is neither cumbrous nor inelegant. It is altogether a very retiring and attractive specimen of ornamental work. Public baths, in old times, were very common. The Greeks and Romans thought it impossible to get along without them. In many cities of Europe they are open at the public expense for the public's use. I do not contend for public baths in our midst. We do not need them, and for the best of reasons—every family can have its own, or borrow of its neighbor. Let there simply be a bowl of water in the bed-chamber, a coarse or crash towel, and the matter is complete. First thing on rising, let a sponge or small towel be wet and rubbed vigorously over the body, then rub dry with the larger one, and, finally, if desired, a fine red glow may be produced by a rapid application of a flesh brush to the surface of the body. Never bathe when suffering exhaustion from fatigue. Never bathe till three hours after eating, as the blood will be drawn from the stomach, and the process of digestion will be interrupted. If mankind, generally, were half as careful of their own cleanliness as they are of the fineness and sleekness of certain of their animals, there would be a larger amount of health in the world, and a far less tendency to contract epidemics when they appear in their midst. But notwithstanding all our talk, I fear, Mr. Editor, that there will still be people left in the world who will think money-making of more concern than body-washing.



## THE SUICIDE.

BY ALICE CARR.

WHAT a great thing it is to live a true life—true to ourselves, true to God! And I am not sure but that the one truth includes the other truth. Here and there, treading along the dusty by-paths and climbing over the barren heaths of life, we see, elevating our faith in humanity, and throwing about our own weak resolves the excellent beauty of good example, men and women whose lives are a continual prayer.

As I look back upon the way I have come, I see along the darkness many faces shining with the glory of that world which is away above and beyond this world. O Thou, whose best name is Love, forgive me, that I have seen, and yet been so little instructed; that I have heard, and yet trodden so falteringly and so far away!

In Clovernook—that sweetest among the pictures of memory—there stands a lonesome old house, supposed to be haunted. I know not as to that; but if unquiet spirits are ever permitted, as some respite of their ill, to slip from the shroud, or the deeper darkness that is below the shroud, I remember no place which would seem a more fitting habitation for them. Spiders have made nests in the bushes, and nettles have covered up the grass; the rose vines are half living and half dead, half clinging to the moss on the wall and half choked together on the ground; the wind, blowing as it listeth, has, from time to time, lopped away the branches of the trees, and, with no hand to remove them, they remain dangling earthward like skeletons: among their dry forks are the nests of birds that would not build near another house than that.

And yet the house is not without a habitant. Sometimes through the cracked panes you may see the sweet face of a little child, looking like a flower leaning from some cranny toward the light. For whole hours together you may see it; the pale cheeks, and the melancholy eyes, and the hair black as night, giving to the child's face a thoughtful maturity of expression quite beyond its years. You would feel, I think, that a strange, if not a fearful history was involved in that little life; it seems as if you saw away down the depths of the steadfast eyes full fountains of tears. The dress of the little one is simple, even rustic, and sometimes sadly unsuited to the season, betraying that the careful hands of the mother have been folded far away from its wants.

Oftenest when the twilight falls the child is at the window, watching for the bats, as they turn blindly hither and thither, or cling silently to the decaying trunks of giant trees. And at that hour sometimes, but never at any other, the hand of an old man rests upon the locks of the orphan, and the head bows down as beneath a weight; the prattle which it has been making to itself is still, and the light of laughter grows dim in the drooped eyes turning from the eyes looking down upon it.

It is a very sad thing to see them thus together—the baby brow seeming to shrink consciously from the crown of gray hairs. I know not how it was, but some invisible and dividing thing seemed standing between them.

Often, as I passed the place, I have lingered and looked, till of the whole scene

*"My eyes make pictures when they're shut."*

I remember when the moonlight threw less somber shadows on the wall; I remember when the grass was cut smoothly from the edges of the walks, overgrown now till but a narrow and irregular path is left; and I remember when among the flowers there was one fairer than they—and "thereby hangs a tale."

Poor Isabel! the grass about her grave is not trodden down by the feet that can not stay away, and the low headstone is nameless; but beside it the blue thistle blooms and dies, summer after summer; for nature, at least, is never neglectful and never partial.

The old man I have written of is her father; and small wonder it is that he is weary and broken-hearted, for he can only say,

Two comforts yet are mine to keep—  
Betwixt her and her faithless lover  
Bright grass will spread a flowery cover,  
And Isabel is well asleep.

Poor comfort enough for a desolate old man to keep about his heart.

The smile of the little child that sits at his hearth can not climb up to his heart; or if it does, it will never thaw the chill cast there by the death of the mother—alas! alas! by her more than death.

It is only the old story—why should I repeat it?

On the mossy steps that come down among the lilacs she used to sit years ago, her good and pious father beside her; and as the gray ashes gathered on the red embers of the sunset, she

*"Lent to the rhyme of the poet  
The music of her voice."*

Then there came a time when another sat between the father and daughter; then the girl and the other, not the father, sat alone—sometimes late into the unfriendly night. And all this while the roses were not so bright as the cheek of Isabel, nor the birds so gay as her songs. Ah me, that the sparkle on the fountain-top should ever hide the coil of the serpent at the bottom; but thus it is.

The summer waned and faded, and the chill rains broke up the flowers; the insects crept under the falling leaves, and the cattle stood all day near the stalls; and Isabel, as the night came down, stood restless and anxious at the window, her eyes aching as they gazed into vacancy. So the days came and went, and the nights, darker, and darker, and darker, settled down upon the world. The maples along the hill were like a ridge of gold against the bottom of the sky, and the oaks came out of the sharp frosts as if dipped in blood, and plenty and glory contended in the orchards and the cornfields; but Isabel did not sing as she used.

All her household tasks were done as before, even more promptly, perhaps; but the step had lost its elasticity, and as you looked upon her you thought of the lines:

"My head is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break—  
I'm wearing off my feet, Willie,  
I'm dying for your sake."

And here comes a dark chapter of sorrow that I can not write. Enough that when the red fire-light shone through snow that drifted on the pane, the house was very still—the step, and voice, and smile, and blithe laugh of Isabel were gone, all and forever gone.

The grief that was in the father's heart spoke not in words or sighs, but it consumed his spirit and whitened his hair. It seemed as if remorse were gnawing his passage to the grave; for he had dealt hardly and harshly with his child; and when his dim eyes lost trace of her wanderings, visions of her shaped themselves very darkly; but he only listened to the winds, and turned to the darkness for comfort, and not to the eyes or the voice of another.

The world was the same, but the stars were swept out of heaven. Wild blew the winds of the March morning, thawing paths among the snow along the southern slopes, and comforting out of the darkness the hardiest flowers; the redbird and the blackbird whistled among the yet bare boughs; for the clouds that rain down beauty had not as yet traveled along the meadows—

"Winter lingered in the lap of Spring."

And the old homestead looked sad. The little brown bird that had built in the lilac summer after summer, for many successive years, twittered and chirped in melancholy sort about the old nest for a few days—now picking fine moss and shreds, and flitting undeterminedly hither and thither; and now dropping them again, and chanting a note of sorrow ill suited to the time and the work. With the first rain the old nest was beaten down quite past repairing; and after an unusually mournful crying, the beautiful favorite disappeared. The very smoke of the chimney seemed to come up from a hearth where there was no cheerfulness—not in graceful wreaths of blue it drifted off, but, black and heavy, hung on the hill-sides or settled to the ground. There was no step about the flower-beds or in the garden, and no linen bleaching white on the first grass.

The sunshine grows warmer, day by day, but the windows of Isabel's chamber are fast shut—the fringe of the counterpane is heavy with dust, and the pillow has been unprest for a long while. Poor Isabel!

Sometimes the door opens stealthily as it were, and a gray-headed man comes out, and sits down in the sun, or looks earnestly about, as though for something or some one that he did not see. If he walks by the wheat-fields, the blast of the midew were all the same as their beauty; for the light in

his old eyes is dim, and his step falls heavy, as though it were near to be the last.

"Lingering he raised his latch at eve,  
Though tired in heart and limb;  
He loved no other place, and yet  
Home was no home to him."

In all the world there is no soft voice to comfort him into the grave. Why should the wheat-fields make him glad or the spring rouse his pulses to hope? All the beauty of this world, which God himself pronounced good, shines and blossoms in vain for that heart from which the flowers of love have been beaten down till they can not climb any more.

I said it was the March morning, that the winds were wild, and that Isabel was gone—wherefore and whither there were busy and reproachful tongues enough to tell. She has heard her father say, with less of sorrow than of indignation, "I am childless in my old age, for thou art but as a thorn in my flesh!" And away from all kindness and all pity, through the moonless midnight, drearily and wearily, her steps have gone.

And both are alone—father and child; and only the light of eternity can dry up the great sea that has come in between them.

Midway between the woodland and his house walked the father, musing of his child, and listening to the stirring of the blackthorn boughs a little distance away—listening to the stirring, but not once turning his eyes from the ground, else had he seen the pale face and haggard form of a woman, crouching low from the March wind, not to shelter herself—there is no chill, not even the terriblest of all, that she would shrink from. But close in her bosom, and playing with the tangled hair that falls down from her forehead, nestles a baby that has never felt a March wind till now. "This, at least, is innocent," she says. "Surely he will love thee and keep thee." And her arms reach forward, and her voice says, "Father." Brightly over the world breaks the sunshine, and her sin seems darker than it did among clouds; her arms fall helpless, and her lips are hushed. So, under the boughs of the black thorn, she waited for the night.

Toward sunset the air became more bitterly chill, and the child moaned often, and looked up to its mother with a hungry and appealing look. And stilling the tumult of its sorrow and pain with a voice low and earnest, but scarcely fond, the woman waited and watched till the forked boughs of the woodland seemed like dead brands among the fires of the sunset. And the winds softened themselves, and came down and mixed with her lullaby, and so the baby fell asleep—for the last time in its mother's arms.

There seemed no twilight, but the day was gone at once, and from under the muffling wings of night peered the stars, and the moon, chilly and white, climbed among them, dropping her icy splendors toward the earth. From the gable of the homestead fell the dark-pointed shadow, and the

hearth-light glimmered through the window, soft and warm.

Folding close the sleeping child, toward the dark shadow and the warm light the forlorn maiden bent her steps, and struck presently in a deep path, or what had once been a deep path—for the grass had grown over its edges till it seemed little more than a crack in the sod—when pausing, she looked backward and forward—forward toward the homestead, backward to the woods, a dismal enough place to look. In other days the path, so narrow now, had been wide enough for two. And after a little pause, she goes on again, slowly, and stooping often to kiss the forehead of the little one asleep in her arms.

At last she is in the shadow of the gable, and just before her glimmers the light of the curtainless window. The night lies cold and bleak around her; and stealthily as a murderess would go, she approaches, and peers through the pane.

All the old familiar things meet her eye: the chirp of the cricket answers the ticking of the clock; the embers make red shadows on the wall, and reveal the desolate father, looking sad and stern. Suddenly across his face there passes a sadder and softer expression, and Isabel's heart beats quick. His eyes turn toward a picture of herself that hangs opposite the window, and her eyes follow his. "He thinks of me piteously, at least," she says. "I will go in, and say I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." Closer and closer, in obedience to the yearning impulse within, she presses her face to the pane, when, all at once, her reviving energies are paralyzed and her fluttering hope struck dead. A steady hand turns the fair, girlish face toward the wall; the man turns, and for a moment the eyes of the two meet; and eagerly, yearningly, the child bent forward, but the father shrunk away. 'Twas but for a moment, yet that was all too much. The overstrung nerves gave way; and laying the baby at her feet, with a groan that had in it, "My God, I am forsaken!" she walked blindly and deafly back on the path she had come; for she did not hear the voice that called, time and again, after her, "Isabel, Isabel!"

How often, in our impetuous anxiety, we fail of the good which a little calmness and patience would have secured! The day after Chatterton terminated his miserable life, there came a man into the city inquiring for him.

In the heart of the woods the path I have spoken of terminated beside a deep and sluggish pool, fringed now with jagged and sharp splinters and points of ice, but the middle waters were unfrozen, and bore up little islands of moss and dead leaves. And across these black waters, in the wild winds of the days and the nights that followed, streamed over the white face, that, after a time, came up, as if still pressing toward the light, the long tresses of Isabel.

Now, beneath the mossy mound hard by, she is well asleep, nor turns for the moaning of the night-wind, nor for the step of the little child that some-

times, in summer, walks there, breaking flowers and singing to itself.

I began this sketch by speaking of the beauty of true lives; and if she of whom I have written had died ere the flowers of love were ever wetted and made heavy with the dews of tears, her life would have been an example of loveliness. God over all, blessed forever, grant that one wild shadow sweep not into nothingness all the light!

#### UNDERSTANDING AND AFFECTION.

THE following, from Sharpe's Letters, a modern English work, though brief, conveys a lesson which will in no wise injure the reader:

"Though you may look to your understanding for amusement, it is to the affections that we must trust for happiness; these imply a spirit of self-sacrifice, and often our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us by what we suffer for them. Remember, too, that conscience, even when it fails to govern our conduct, can't disturb our peace of mind. Yes, it is neither paradoxical nor merely poetical to say,

'That seeking others' good we find our own.'

This solid yet romantic maxim is found in no less a writer than Plato; but this truth does not stand in need of support from authority; the days and nights of every tender mother abound with instances of this encouraging fact; she will not only endure any toil, but brave any danger, for the sake of her helpless child. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults; and it is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles. He seldom praises John but to vex Thomas. Do not, pray do not 'sit in the seat of the scorner,' whose nature it is to sneer at every thing but impudent vice and successful crime; by these he is generally awed and silenced. Are these poor, heartless creatures to be envied? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon, or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkeley? You know better; you are not accustomed to turn the tapestry that you may look at the wrong side."

"Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love."

## TALKS WITH YOU.

BY HARMONY.

DEAR friends, just widen the delightful circle around the cheerful fireside, and let me put my chair in there; or, if you please, let Kate, the little wild hoyden, with her bright, sparkling eyes so full of fun and frolic, and a face all radiant with affection and good-will, draw up the luxurious arm-chair by the fire. Thank you; I can walk to it, with my cane, without your assistance. Ah, long and weary days, and weeks, and months, and years of invalidism, with "all the sad variety of pain," has been the portion of your friend. (More about myself some other time.) Let me participate with you this evening in the most exalted pleasure—the reciprocation of social intercourse; for an invalid can be cheerful if she will. The cares and anxieties which brood over human life shall

"Be far, far off expelled from this delicious nest,"

and every thing in the habitable universe, save the most bewitching enjoyment, the unison of congenial spirits.

Now, having introduced myself, and taken a seat with you, how shall I introduce all the subjects I intend to let my tongue run on about? The Persians have a saying, that "ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine." Do you wonder, then, that a bridle was necessary for the unruly member? I will try and not weary your patience, however, if you will promise to listen with a little interest, at least.

My subject is *snow*, which I propose treating in the manner following:

First, of the beauties of snow.

Second, of the music of snow.

Third, of the pleasures of snow.

Fourth, of the benefits of snow.

Fifth, of the moral teachings of snow.

*The beauties of snow.* The world is full of beauty; there is nothing in nature that is not beautiful. It is all the work of Deity, and so beautiful. You may mingle and divide its great varieties, and they are still beautiful—beautiful. We will pause here, and acknowledge the gratification to the sense of beauty afforded by the feathery snow—its aspect of glittering purity, its fantastic evolutions, its beautifully drifted wreaths, its eccentric forms. Let us examine, with microscopic precision, the falling flakes, and see how each is a regular crystal, and a hundred varieties we find in a small collection. I know of no scene more exquisitely beautiful than the crystallized snow, lighting up into a delicate pink or pearly hue beneath the clear, setting sun; and see how it assumes a beautiful lilac or blue where our long shadows intercept its rays; and then, when the particles had been brought into close adhesion by the coldness of the night, forming a polished surface, which glitters in the beams of the morning sun like purest pearl thickly set with diamonds. Could we bear the intense reflec-

tion of the light, so as to be able to examine this jewelry of winter, to gaze, with a magnifier, on its exquisite crystals, what splendid beauty should we behold, what delicate operations of the crystalline laws, what indescribable richness in the minutest forms of endless variety! But we can not do this; for our eyes can not bear the light—it would blast our sight. Have we not in this unapproachable beauty a type of what eye hath not seen, and in this mortal state can not see, of the loveliness of the spiritual world, the half of the glory of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive? O glorious thought, that we shall one day have power given us to look steadfastly on forms of beauty that are now veiled in mercy to our feeble vision!

*The music of snow.* Says Mr. Willis, "I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dreams of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered. And the frost, too, has a melodious 'minstrelsy.' You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the 'morning stars sang together.'

"And when there comes a soft rain or a heavy mist, and the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earring jewels between the filaments of the silver tassels, and on the feathery edges of the dark-green hemlocks; and if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will be frozen in their places like well-set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour you will hear music. The hard round drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in this



cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in heaven's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win a way to the scenes that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars."

*The pleasures of snow.* Yes, reader, the snow affords us many delightful pleasures. Is it not a real pleasure, on a fine, exhilarating day, to ride in a snug sleigh, all wrapped in wools and furs, and buffaloeskins tucked firmly down into every spare corner? How delightfully smooth the sleigh glides along after the eager, galloping horse! and the music of the bells—O

"What a world of merriment their  
Melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of rannic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so  
Musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells."

POW.

With an agreeable companion, full of anecdote and interesting converse, by the side, we do not mind a whole shower of snow from the horse's hoofs every now and then; or the cutting particles of frost that glance like a razor across the nose and chin; nor the bumping kind of movement, which, in spite of your tucking, is neither convenient nor agreeable, which a succession of drifts run into cradle knolls subjects one. And then what a pleasure is the meeting of dear friends, with whom we expect to spend an evening in the most endearing association of social intercourse! Hark! do you not catch the echo of that gay laugh and occasional jovial shout on the cold, still air? Turn in the direction of the sound—do you see that boisterous, busy little group engaged in the delightful amusement of sliding down hill? There the boys are; their cheeks looking as rosy, and their eyes so bright, it makes your own wink to look at them. They stand on the brow of the slope preparing to make the grand descent. Now off they go—faster and faster; the little sled glides like a fairy boat over a moonlight wave; now it shoots like a falling star at the foot of the hill. A shout from above tells that the vehicle has overturned; but it is no check to their amusement. See them rolling and tumbling in the snow, unable to rise from very glee. Who ever saw such personifications of health, bloom, and beauty? Out o' doors with you, you little chap, sitting up there in the unhealthy atmosphere of a store-room, as prim as your maiden aunt. Lay aside your gewgaws and fol-de-rols awhile, and out into the exhilarating, bright cold, and take a tumble in the snow, or a race; run as though your heart was in your feet; for the air is our life—it is laden with health and strength to crimson the cheek, and make the eye brighter, and

give a speedier flow to the vital current. More than these are the pleasures the snow affords, but I must not stop to describe them distinctly. You know them all yourselves, and I will leave you to their enjoyment, and pass on to the

*Benefits of snow.* "He giveth snow like wool." The Psalmist teaches us a divine lesson in the falling snow. As we look upon its wavy descending flakes, robing the earth with a warm garment, we should remember by whose laws it is given, and that it is a rich gift—that not only in appearance, but in reality, it is given like wool. The extreme lightness of snow is a wisely ordered property, which gives it the appearance of wool. Says an agreeable writer, "As though ten thousand angels were drawing it from an inexhaustible storehouse, and scattering it over the earth." A young and imaginative child once expressed the thought, that the clouds of softest whiteness were flocks of lambs, and called her mother to see their gambols. How easily she might have carried out her fanciful idea, and fancied a season of snow-falling to be shearing-time! Young thoughts have poetry in them—the poetry of innocence. Says the same writer, "Snow on the earth is as wool on the human body; being a bad conductor of heat, it prevents the vital heat from passing off, and retains its nourishing power, so that seed is still given to the sower and bread to the eater. It is a great fertilizer of the earth, and quickens vegetation by stealing down gently to the buried germs. So that we are assured that on the declivities of Mount Atlas, in the month of April, the green points of wheat are seen making their way through the dazzling surface of the snow. The inhabitants of Savoy and Switzerland regard snow as the best source of their wealth. On the return of spring, the Swiss shepherds, followed by their flocks, go forth, with prayer and praise, from spot to spot, where the warmth and nourishment of the snow have given growth to the grass, so that their flocks find sweet food." Add to these blessings the peculiar incentives to cultivate the social feelings in a time of snowing, and the opportunities presented to exercise the social virtues, and the privilege of imitating Him who "went about doing good." How many poor, sick, and suffering objects can we look out and relieve their distress, and sweeten the bitterness of their lot! Surely, this is the sweetest satisfaction that a noble mind can feel. And

"O, 'tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!"

*The moral teachings of snow.* Have you ever looked out, at early morn, to see the landscape spread over with spotless, shining snow, and not a footprint upon its pure breast, looking so calm and holy in the clear light that mantled it? What was the first idea it suggested? Was it not a solemn one? Did it not drive the heart in upon itself, and teach it the lesson that there was, indeed, no loveliness like that of the pure in heart? While absorbed in these sweet reflections, you beheld one after another steal out, till the streets were

filled with the motley crowd which daily throng them; and did you not turn away with a sigh to see the purity of the streets sullied by the darkening earth beneath their footsteps? Snow, like the human heart, is beautiful only as it retains its pristine purity; and like the human heart when defiled by sin, Heaven's law of regeneration alone can make it pure, and gild it with heavenly radiance. Some writer has well remarked concerning habits, "Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his dwelling, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulations, may overthrow the edifice." These thoughts lead me to the Scripture associations with the snow; and they are all precious, especially the invitation, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This view will impart the most powerful persuasives to apply for baptism in the pure, broad river of sanctification. As the anxious soul stands upon its borders, waiting for the moving of the waters, its prayer will be that of the Psalmist, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." O, how intimately connected with every thing good and desirable is this purification of soul—this washing of regeneration—this glorious change from sin to holiness—this throwing off the scarlet robe of sin, and putting on the glistening white robe of righteousness, so clothed with immortality! Though all seems so cold and still, there is life beneath that snowy shroud which the spring will call forth to light and beauty again. Ah, who that heeds the teachings of snow, thinks death a sleep that knows no waking?

#### A BLESSED PROSPECT.

THE ties which bind together a family who all have a good Christian hope shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the Bible in our hands and inscribe on their tombstone, "Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls, till the last of the circle is carried to his long home, but the grave can not retain them. By and by the family is to meet again—husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, are one day to stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem, all washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, to whom will be rendered glory evermore.

#### A TRIP TO SILURIA.

—  
BY PROFESSOR LIPPITT.  
—

A DAY of leisure! How from the open door of the school-house pours the merry throng, with hoop and laugh, when, at the close of the day's duties, the master proclaims, with due solemnity and much advice, "To-morrow you may have holiday!" We remember well those days, anxiously waited for, which seldom came, and how, as we went home, pondering upon what we should do and where we should go, we were particularly careful, in our happy state of mind, to bow to all we met, and take off our hat to old people, in accordance with the final lesson of our teacher at the close of each day.

Not less, seemingly, is the pleasure of a leisure day at this present time, when we can get awhile from book and class-room, and ramble over the hill and through the forest wide, and scan with never-failing interest the works of an almighty Mind.

It was on one of these said days that I determined to make the trip I had contemplated. With but few incidents to mark our course which could interest the reader, we found ourselves at the destined place, ready to commence the labors of sight-seeing. But how changed all things seemed! There is nothing strikes a traveler so soon as the changes of the country through which he is passing. In a trip from New England to Louisiana, the change of appearance in the country, especially in the plants, is as great as between spring and autumn in the same latitude. So with us. Our first expression was, how strange every thing appears! It seemed as though we had been transported to another sphere—for instance, the moon—for the country around was as sterile as are the plains and mountains of the moon, and yet wholly unlike the moon. That queen of the night, with all her silvery beauty, is but a painted beauty after all. In reality, she is rough and hard-featured enough, with no water to smooth her face, nor atmosphere to veil, as with gauze, her prominent features. It is a world made rugged, and barren, and mountainous by fierce internal fires—such as are supposed to roll beneath the thin crust of rock on which, as an insecure platform, men oft commit deeds of guilt that "make the angels weep." But Siluria is vastly different, yet very like. It is a desert waste, yet level and almost unbroken. A few plants and animals are found scattered over its area. The surface of the earth is composed of fine sand or mud, that, in many places, has been consolidated into lime-rock. There are indications that at some time it formed the bottom of some deep sea. Do you ask why I think so? Have you ever stood at the mouth of some river, and noticed the deposit of the sediment which its waters have brought down? If you have, you have seen the coarse particles of sand deposited first, and farther out in the lake or ocean

the finer materials. The most minute particles are carried several hundred miles from the mouths of some of the largest rivers, and, settling slowly, form deposits of mud. Now, the soil of this region is composed of precisely such materials. Besides, on every hand shells are found which belong only to ocean. Now, Siluria is nearly a thousand miles from the ocean; so that these shells could not have been brought here by some tide, and left by the retreating wave. Hence, we think we may justly infer that at some former period the ocean covered this whole region. I thought, as I looked out upon the scene thus lonely and desolate, surely here I shall find nothing to interest or repay me for my trip. But I was mistaken.

I have said that there were a few plants and animals found in this region. The plants were of the lowest order, not much more than mosses. But the animals were such anomalies! still more unlike those I had been accustomed to see than was the appearance of the country. Of these I must speak more minutely. Some of them are very remarkable, and found no where else in the world; while some of them are somewhat similar to those in our own land. They are more strange than the no-eyed fish of caves or the single-hoofed hogs of Hungary. When I speak of animals, I must not be understood to mean such as fill the jungles of Asia and Africa. Far from it. The most remarkable animal is something in shape like a tortoise, but longer in proportion to its width. It is much smaller also—some of them being no larger than a three-cent piece, while the largest are only a few inches long. It differs from a tortoise by having its upper shell composed of many pieces instead of one. These pieces are arranged like rings passing over its back, each divided into three parts by two deep depressions, running from the head longitudinally. The several parts are so articulated, however, that the animal can roll himself up in a ball, like the wood-louse or armadillo. I have the shell of one now lying before me which is thus rolled up. These rings are not flat plates, but are round, so that the body looks some like three strings of rings united laterally. The head, however, has only one plate, and the abdomen is covered by a single plate also. They have small flesh paddles or feet. But the most remarkable feature of the animal is its eyes. These protrude from the head in the form of truncated cones, each being the shortest on that side which is toward the other. These cones are immovable; but in order that the animal might see in other directions than straight ahead, the sides of the cone are covered with a multitude of little eyes or lenses. Some of these eyes are composed of as many as seven hundred of these little eyes, and yet the whole eye not larger than the head of a pin! The eye is like a congeries of small telescopes. This character belongs also to some crustaceans and insects at home. For instance, the eye of the common house-fly is composed of nearly eight thousand visual tubes, that of the dragon-fly

of nearly thirteen thousand, and of a butterfly of seventeen thousand. I had the pleasure, some time since, of seeing these astonishing facts verified by the power of Mr. Hazard's gigantic microscope, with which he is now astonishing the savans of Europe. The eye of the common fly was magnified so as to cover more than fifty square feet. The lenses could be counted with all ease. Each appeared at least one-fourth of an inch square! It was wonderful; and I never sat an evening more entranced than on that evening, as, by the genius of a Cincinnati artist, the wonders of the microscopic world were unfolded to my view. The wing of a very small musketo was placed in the instrument, and lo! an outstretched wing of some giant bird. It appeared twenty feet long! A fine hair looked like a stove-pipe! What a revelator of worldly things is the microscope! The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the very earth on which we tread, teems with millions upon millions of animal forms, perfect in their organization and happy in their little sphere! Truly God is great in small things as well as in large! The invisible animalcule and behemoth, the floating dust in a sunbeam and the floating firmament in ether, alike proclaim his power and goodness. Such, then, is the eye of this wonderful animal—the workmanship of an all-perfect Artisan. There are many species of this animal in Siluria, differing in size and structure slightly.

There is another animal found in Siluria and the adjacent regions which, to some, may seem even more wonderful than the last. It is attached to the ground or rock by a long stem, and seems more like a plant than an animal. It belongs to the class called Radiata. This class is still found in the margins of our seas. They are thus called because all the different parts are symmetrically arranged about a common center. A familiar illustration of this class will be found in the common star-fish so abundant on the Atlantic coasts. It has a central disc, which contains the mouth and viscera, and five long arms or rays which proceed from it. The skeleton is composed of little bones or ossicula, inclosed by a tough integument. Some of the star-fishes, instead of five flat rays, have jointed arms, that proceed from a central, cup-shaped, calcareous base, and divide and subdivide into delicately jointed tentacula, the sides of which are fringed with rows of still smaller articulated pinnae or processes. Now, if we could suppose this animal placed with its mouth upward on a long stem, also jointed, we should have an animal form like those of Siluria. The stem is enlarged where it is attached to the rock, like the foot of a plant-stalk. It is composed of numerous little bones of different sizes. Some of these animals have the bones of the stem five-sided, others circular. Sometimes the stem is not larger than a pipe-stem, and again is an inch in diameter. This stem supports the body of the animal, from the upper part of which extend articulated arms or

tentacula. The mouth is on one side of the center of the receptacle from which arms extend, and which are spread out and inclose its prey like a net. The skeleton is covered with a soft integument as in the star-fishes. The bones of this animal, when first found, were called wheel-stones, from their shape. In the north of England they were vulgarly called *fairy stones* and St. Outhbert's beads. They have been found perforated in tumuli, having been worn by the ancient Britons as ornaments.

The number of bones in one of these little animals is absolutely astonishing. In the most simple form, the number of these little bones exceeds thirty thousand in number; but in the more complicated forms one hundred and fifty thousand; and one species contains several hundred thousand of these separate little bones. You see, then, how flexible it is. If the skeleton had one hundred and fifty thousand bones, the animal must have at least three hundred thousand bundles of muscular fiber, since each bone must have two sets of muscular fibers for contraction and expansion. This greatly exceeds the muscular apparatus of any other animal. How great the contrast to man, whose bones are only two hundred and forty-one, with two hundred and thirty-two pairs of muscles! Truly it is the "living soul" that makes man what he is—the lord of creation, to whom the animal creation pay instinctive deference.

Some of these animals, when the tentacula are drawn up, have the shape of a pear or lily bud. Indeed, the pond lily will convey a good idea of its form, with its long stem and cup-shaped body. And how wonderful the arrangement for obtaining its food, since its was immovable, by the means of its long, flexible stem and wide-branching tentacula! How powerful becomes the argument, "If God so clothed the grass, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *how much more* will he clothe you," when we gaze on these lower orders of creation, and behold how perfect is the adaptation of the structure of the animal for the highest enjoyment of life! And if thus, in the minute organisms of the invisible world, God hath shown so fully his wisdom and goodness, how foolish to suppose that in man all his interest has ceased, all his care and protection have been withdrawn or never manifested!

But I have already reached the limits of this letter, and yet have only described two of the eight hundred species of animals that are found in Siluria; and what is most remarkable, only one hundred and fifty of these species are found any where else. I must stop, however, having described the two most singular species of animals found there.

Has it occurred to any one to inquire where is Siluria? on what continent or island? How far is it from us? I will answer that inquiry by saying, that by Siluria I have meant the Old Silurian Formation in the geological strata of the earth's crust, the earliest of the fossiliferous strata, and, hence, the one in which, as far as we know,

appeared the first forms of animal and vegetable life. Of all the eight hundred species of animal remains found in this stratum, not one is now found living on the globe. They have all ceased to be represented during the long ages since they swarmed in multitudes in the Silurian seas. The *trilobite* and *encrinite* have now no living type. But in the hills which surround this city their remains are abundant, together with shells and corals, preserved from the wreck of ages. It was to these bluffs, whence is quarried the building-stone of the city, and in which the Silurian formation is developed, that our trip was made, and to which we often resort for recreation and instruction.

#### THE BIBLE AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

Look over the face of Christendom, and where do we find civil liberty? Precisely where, and only where the Bible and the Reformation were received by the people. Holland was an appendage of the Spanish kingdom. She received the Bible, threw off the yoke of Spain and Romanism, and, after unheard-of sufferings and heroism, established a republic, upon a territory scooped out and secured by an embankment from the ocean, which arose to such eminence among the nations as to contend with the world for the mastery of the seas. England, too, received the Bible, and the glorious rugged land of the Pilgrims; and the Gospel of civil and religious liberty has gone out from them to all nations. From them we received the Bible, and with it the charter of human rights, civil and religious, and have instituted a form of government so perfect in theory and so successful in practice as to be the admiration of the world. Now, turn the eye to the nations and peoples of Europe and America which have adhered to Romanism and submitted to be deprived of the Bible. Are they not yet bound in the fetters of ecclesiastical despotism? Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, are they not sunk to the depth of sloth and slavery? We do not say Germany; for there are "free towns" in Germany; but they are Protestant, and show distinctly the contrast we wish to present. And France, how pitiable the condition of a people who know not the Bible! Twice has she essayed, by the most terrible convulsive efforts, to throw off the religious and civil despotism which oppress her, and struggle into liberty. But the essential element of liberty was not found. The public conscience was not enlightened by the Bible; and the multitude, like a blind man in a general melee, cut and thrust, right and left, at friend and foe, till, by common consent, they agreed to secure repose again under the shield of despotism.

There are some people in this country who are struggling mightily to overturn the Bible, and nothing would please them better than to see it entirely blotted from among men; and yet the Bible only has made America what it is.



## EARNESTNESS IN RELIGION.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

"Death, grim Death,  
Will fold me in his leaden arms, and press  
Me close to his cold, clayey breast."

"I would thou wert cold or hot." This short passage is one of the most impressive and menacing condemnations of religious indifference and insensibility that can be found in the sacred Scriptures. Though addressed to the members of a Church of a different age, it is not the less applicable to professing Christians of the present time. The terms do not imply an entire absence of religious feeling; but they imply what is, if possible, still more awful—a settled contempt of the admonitions of God. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark, that religion has suffered more from this one circumstance—namely, the unconcernedness of its professors—than from any other, or all other circumstances combined. And why? All confess the importance of being in earnest on the subject of religion; all admit, unresistingly, its truth and reality, and the fullness of its evidence; and yet none, it would appear, have the least concern in reference to the whole matter. What consistency! What harmony of Christian character! Acknowledge a subject to be of the mightiest interest, and, at the same time, entirely withdraw the mind from any contact or communication with it! Assent, without opposition, without question, and without doubt, to the momentous importance of the truth, and then repress and quell every possible thought respecting it! Urge the absolute necessity of being interested about God and eternity, heaven and hell, and then go to sleep *because* of the promptitude of such admissions!

"But I am not concerned more than others. The subject is alike pertinent to *me* and to *all* mankind, and my destiny is the destiny of millions." Thus an objector endeavors to waive the commands of Heaven, and to frustrate the monition addressed to himself: "Because *thou* art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Just now he regards himself in a wonderfully insignificant light, and, with amazing humility, esteems his soul as worth no more than others! And with what willingness, too, he admits himself to be of no repute, so he but *escape* considering the affair as applicable to himself! But, on the other hand, he is not so kind and benevolent; for while he is reproaching the rest of mankind, he is indirectly exonerating himself from all blame. His fate he imagines will not be worse than *theirs*. If they are saved, surely he must be; and if they are lost, possibly he may be lost. Is there, however, any fairness or justness in such reasoning? or is his responsibility and danger at all diminished because he does not stand alone? Because their salvation is sure, is that any reason that he shall escape? or because their damnation is inevitably sealed, is

that any reason he should be damned? Evidently not. Every man must give account for himself of the deeds done in the body; and of those who are so unfortunate as to be lost, each individual will feel that perdition was his choice, and not that the multitude caused him to perish.

Another of the delusions operating to produce indifference on the subject of religion, is the belief that there will be found, at the close of life, sufficient time and opportunity to attend to the supreme concern. Eternity and eternal things are acknowledged to be worthy the most solemn consideration. Heaven is a place of endless happiness; hell a place of endless misery. God is a God of justice, and sin is that abominable thing which his soul abhorreth. To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, he will render eternal life; but to them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon *every* soul that doeth evil. To the righteous will be administered an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven; but upon the ungodly will be rained snares, fire, and an horrible tempest. *These* things are familiar enough, and plainly enough understood; and yet the mind appears to have but a glimmering intimation of that danger which must befall it, if eternal interests are left to a dying hour for consideration and adjustment. No room for prayer, no time for thought, no place for preparation,

"When frowning Death appears,  
And points his fatal dart;  
When dark, foreboding fears  
Distract the sinner's heart."

So obvious and universal is this indifference in regard to religion, that it would be needless to adduce farther proof of its existence, or the cause of its existence. It might be well, however, to consider, for a moment, the manner of breaking the dull tranquillity, and rousing the soul to reflect upon its everlasting destiny. And above all, the fallacy of trusting to outward forms and ceremonies must be scrupulously guarded against. Let the thought once enter and take possession of the mind, that salvation can be secured by some external performance or occasional observance of sacred duties, and the life and power of godliness are at once and entirely banished from the heart. Then follow apathy and insensibility, with all their train of evils. Earthly objects engross the attention, earthly desires fill the heart, and earthly schemes excite to action the whole soul. Self-deception and self-ruin, hand in hand, now commence their work. "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing." "I am equally pious with the rest of the world. Of my substance, part is given to the poor; of my time, part is devoted to prayer and supplication, thanksgiving and praise; and of my affections, heaven retains a paramount share. Surely *I* shall not lose my soul. I could not have been sent into this busy and interesting world

solely for the purpose of getting well out of it. There is so much to occupy my attention here—so much that I am in duty bound to perform, that the infinite goodness of God *can not* suffer me to go astray." Thus does an individual delude himself, and thus does he dream of immortality and bliss; but well will it be for him if death be not the first thing to break his slumber and warn him of his danger. In connection with the point now discussed, let the reader be entreated to guard against that other fallacy of believing that though not now interested about his soul's future welfare, yet he *will* become interested. Let him continually feel that spiritual and immortal objects really *do* demand earnest reflection. Let him resolve to converse freely with himself on those most momentous of all subjects—heaven, hell, death, judgment, eternity. Let him imagine himself standing in the immediate presence of the Most High with these awful subjects confronting his soul. Let him remember that it is the authority of God that enjoins obedience, and the voice of God that pronounces him lost, unless he comply with his commands. Such a course once adopted, and vigorously persevered in, will have the effect to dissipate, in a great measure, that wretched unconcern which has so long hung upon his soul. This want of earnestness in religion may finally be removed by reflecting upon the emptiness of all earthly objects, and their utter incompetency to afford permanent delight. The world's sunshine is, at best, a delusive gleam, and soon passes away. Of those who have pursued and enjoyed worldly happiness, there are none but have been compelled to admit the mortifying truth, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The past is deplored, the present is condemned, and the future is fraught with fearful apprehension and foreboding. Every scene is illusive, every pleasure has its sting, and every step tends to ruin. And why, dear reader, wilt thou longer be insensible? Why dissipate thy mind among the trifles of earth? Why lull the voice of conscience, and make light of eternal things? Be admonished; thou canst not always trifle. A change is approaching. Thou wilt at last awake, and thy soul shall then quiver with the intensest feeling. Thy conscience shall rise with tremendous strength, and fall upon thee as an avenging spirit. The bustle and business, the follies and flatteries of the world will be forgotten then; and Death, who neither hears nor heeds distress, will hard thee over to the insufferable retributions of an endless remorse, an offended God, a rejected Savior, a wasted probation, a ruined character, insulted justice, and an undone eternity!

NOTHING sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the respect and reverential love of woman kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

## WHAT IS POETRY!

BY ALEXIS.

WHEN the hail beats against my window and the storm howls without, I enjoy, Mr. Editor, great satisfaction, by my fireside, reading the numbers of some deathless poet. In one of these moods, I fell upon the following beautiful poem, from the pen of one of America's best poets, Mr. James G. Percival. It may be called an essay on poetry, if you will, and a more living thing poet never breathed. It will be read with pleasure by every lover of the beautiful. Will you be so kind as to preserve it in your valuable magazine?

## POETRY.

The world is full of poetry—the air  
Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled  
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,  
That close the universe with crystal in,  
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim  
The unseen glories of immensity,  
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,  
For aught but beings of celestial mold,  
And speak to man in one eternal hymn  
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir  
Forever charming, and forever new;  
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,  
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,  
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise  
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore  
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;  
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,  
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles  
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand  
Skillful, and moved, with passionate love of art,  
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft  
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,  
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,  
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend  
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,  
Commingle with the melody, is borne,  
Rapt and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move  
In measured file and metrical array;  
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,  
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
And quantity, and accent, that can give  
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,  
Or blend with it the movements of the soul.

'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines  
Man with the world around him, in a chain  
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till  
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts,  
With all existences, in earth and heaven,  
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

'Tis not the noisy babbling who displays,  
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,  
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,  
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments  
That overload their littleness. Its words  
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired  
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,  
His language winged with terror, as when bolts  
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,  
Commissioned to affright us, and destroy.

## The Ladies' Repository.

JANUARY, 1853.

LANDSCAPE OF THE NILE.

BY G. W. CURTIS.

THE Nile landscape is not monotonous, although of one general character. In that soft air the lines change constantly, but imperceptibly, and are always so delicately lined and drawn, that the eye swims satisfied along the warm tranquillity of the scenery.

Egypt is the valley of the Nile. At its widest part it is, perhaps, six or seven miles broad, and is walled upon the west by the Libyan Mountains, and upon the east by the Arabian. The scenery is simple and grand. The forms of the landscape harmonize with the forms of the impression of Egypt in the mind. Solemn, and still, and inexplicable sits that antique mystery among the flowery fancies and broad green fertile feelings of your mind and cotemporary life, as the Sphinx sits upon the edge of the grain-green plain. No scenery is grander in its impression, for none is so symbolical. The land seems to have died with the race that made it famous—it is so solemnly still. Day after day unrolls to the eye the perpetual panorama of fields wide-waving with the tobacco, and glittering with the golden-blossomed cotton, among which half-naked men and women are lazily working. Palm-groves stand, each palm a poem, brimming your memory with beauty. You know from Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, whose volumes are here your best tutor, that you are passing the remains of ancient cities as the Ibis loiters languidly before the rising and falling north wind, or is wearily drawn along by the crew filing along the shore. An occasional irregular reach of mounds and a bit of crumbling wall distract imagination as much with the future as the past, straining to realize the time when New York shall be an irregular reach of mounds, or a bit of crumbling wall.

Impossible? Possibly. But are we so loved of time, we petted youngest child, that the fate of his eldest gorgeous Asia, and Africa, its swart mysterious twin shall only frown at us through them and fly?

The austere Arabian Mountains leave Cairo with us, and stretch in sad monotony of strength along the eastern shore. There they shine sandily, the mighty advanced guard of the desert. "Here," say they, and plant their stern feet forever, and over their shoulders sweep and sing the low wild winds from mid Arabia, "sand-grains outnumbering all thy dear drops of water are behind us, to maintain our might and subdue thee, fond, fair river!"

But it glides unheeded at their base, lithely swinging its long unbroken phalanx of sweet water—waving gently against the immovable cliffs like palm branches of peace against a foe's serried front.

Presently the Libyan heights appear, and the river is invested. A sense of fate then spells you, and you feel that the two powers must measure their might at last, and go forward to the cataract with the feeling of one who shall behold terrible battles.

Yet the day, mindful only of beauty, lavishes all its light upon the mighty foes, adorning them each impartially for its own delight. Along the uniform Arabian highland, it swims and flashes, and fades in exquisite hues, magically making it the sapphire wall of that garden of imagination, which fertile Arabia is; or in the full gush of noon standing it along the eastern horizon as an

image of those boundless deserts, which no man can conceive, more than the sea, till he beholds them.

But the advancing desert consumes cities of the river, so that fair fables of eldest history are now mere names. Even the perplexed river sweeps away its own, but reveals richer reaches of green land for the old lost, and Arabia and Lybia are foiled forever. Forever, for it must be as it has been, till the fertility of the tropics that floats seaward in the Nile, making the land of Egypt as it goes, is exhausted in its source.

But there is a profounder charm in the landscape, a beauty that grows more slowly into the mind, but is as perfect and permanent. Gradually the Howadji perceives the harmony of the epical, primitive, and grand character of the landscape, and the austere simplicity of the Egyptian art. Fresh from the galleries of Europe, it is not without awe that he glides far behind our known beginnings of civilization, and standing among its primeval forms, realizes the relation of nature and art.

There is no record of any thing like lyrical poetry in the history of the elder Egyptians. Their theology was the somber substance of their life. This fact of history the Howadji sees before he reads.

Nature is only epical here. She has no little lyrics of green groves, and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no lonely pastoral landscape. But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn Nature has imposed upon the art of the land, the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky—and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple and grand. The pyramids produce the impression and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The pyramids say, in the Nature around them, "Man, his mark."

Later, he will be changed by a thousand influences, but can never escape the mystery that haunts his home, and will carve the Sphinx and the strange mystical Memnon. The Sphinx says to the Howadji what Egypt said to the Egyptians—and from the fascination of her face streams all the yearning, profound and pathetic power that is the soul of the Egyptian day.

So also from the moment the Arabian highlands appeared, we had in their lines and in the ever-graceful and suggestive palms, the grand element of Egyptian architecture. Often in a luminously blue day as the Howadji sits reading or rousing before the cabin, the stratified sand mountain side, with a stately arcade of palms on the smooth green below, floats upon his eye through the serene sky as the ideal of that mighty Temple which Egyptian architecture struggles to realize—and he feels that he beholds the seed that flowed at last in the Parthenon and all Greek architecture.

The beginnings seem to have been, the sculpture of the hills into their own forms—vast regular chambers cut in the rock or earth, vaulted like the sky that hung over the hills, and like that, starred with gold in a blue space.

From these came the erection of separate buildings—but always of the same grand and solemn character. In them the majesty of the mountain is repeated. Man cons the lesson which Nature has taught him.

Exquisite details follow. The fine flower-like forms and foliage that have arrested the quick sensitive eye of

artistic genius, appear presently as ornaments of his work. Man as the master, and the symbol of power, stands calm with folded hands in the Osiride columns. Twisted water reeds and palms, whose flowing crests are natural capitals, are added. Then the lotus and acanthus are wreathed around the columns, and so the most delicate detail of the Egyptian landscape reappeared in its art.

But Egyptian art never loses this character of solemn sublimity. It is not simply 'infancy, it was the law of its life. The art of Egypt never offered to emancipate itself from this character—it changed only when strange

ERF CAINE.

Greece fulfilled Egypt. To the austere grandeur of simple natural forms, Greek art succeeded as the flower to foliage. The essential strength is retained, but an aerial grace and elegance, an exquisite elaboration followed; as Eve followed Adam. For Grecian temples have a fine feminineness of character when measured with the Egyptian. That hushed harmony of grace—even the snow-sparkling marble, and the general impression, have this difference.

Such hints are simple and obvious—and there is no fairer or more frequent flower upon these charmed shores, than the revelations they make of the simple naturalness of primitive art.

#### WINTER.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

SLOWLY, thickly, fastly, fall the snow-flakes—like the seasons upon the life of man. At the first, they lose themselves in the brown mat of herbage, or gently melt, as they fall upon the broad stepping-stone at the door. But as hour after hour passes, the feathery flakes stretch their white cloak plainly on the meadow, and chilling the door-step with their multitude, cover it with a mat of pearl.

The dry grass tips pierce the mantle of white, like so many serried spears; but as the storm goes softly on, they sink one by one to their snowy tomb; and presently show nothing of all their army, save one or two straggling banners of blackened and shrunken daisies.

Across the wide meadow that stretches from my window, I can see nothing of those hills which were so green in summer: between me and them, lie only the soft, slow moving masses, filling the air with whiteness. I catch only a glimpse of one gaunt, and bare-armed oak, looming through the feathery multitude, like a tall ship's spars breaking through fog.

The roof of the barn is covered; and the leaking eaves show dark stains of water, that trickle down the weather-beaten boards. The pear trees that wore such weight of greenness in the leafy June, now stretch their bare arms to the snowy blast, and carry upon each tiny bough, a narrow burden of winter.

The old house-dog marches stately through the strange covering of earth, and seems to ponder on the welcome he will show—and shakes the flakes from his long ears, and with a vain snap at a floating feather, he stalks again to his dry covert in the shed. The lambs that belonged to the meadow flock, with their feeding ground all covered, seem to wonder at their losses; but take courage from the quiet air of the veteran sheep, and gambol after them, as they move sedately toward the shelter of the barn.

The cat, driven from the kitchen door, beats a coy retreat, with long reaches of her foot, upon the yielding

surface. The matronly hens saunter out, at a little lifting of the storm; and eye curiously, with heads half turned, their sinking steps; and then fall back with a quiet cluck of satisfaction, to the wholesome gravel by the stable door.

By and by, the snow-flakes pile more leisurely: they grow large and scattered, and come more slowly than before. The hills that were brown, heave into sight—great, rounded billows of white. The gray woods look shrunken to half their height, and stand wading in the storm. The wind freshens, and scatters the light flakes that crown the burden of the snow; and as the day droops, a clear, bright sky of steel color, cleaves the land, and clouds, and sends down a chilling wind to bank the walls, and to freeze the storm. The moon rises full and round, and plays with a joyous chill, over the glistening raiment of the land.

I pile my fire with the clean cleft hickory; and musing over some sweet story of the olden time, I wander into a rich realm of thought, till my eyes grow dim; and dreaming of battle and of prince, I fall to sleep in my old farm chamber.

At morning, I find my dreams all written on the window, in crystals of fairy shape. The cattle, one by one, with ears frost-tipped, and with frosted noses, wend their way to the watering-place in the meadow. One by one they drink, and crop at the stunted herbage, which the warm spring keeps green and bare.

A hound bays in the distance; the smoke of cottages rises straight toward heaven; a lazy jingle of sleigh-bells wakens the quiet of the high-road; and upon the hills, the leafless woods stand low, like crouching armies, with guns and spears in rest; and among them, the scattered spiral pines rise like banner-men, uttering with their thousand tongues of green, the proud war-cry—"God is with us!"

But, the sky of winter is as capricious as the sky of spring—even as the old wander in thought, like the vagaries of a boy.

Before noon, the heavens are mantled with a leaden gray; the eaves that leaked in the glow of the sun, now tell their tale of morning's warmth, in crystal ranks of icicles. The cattle seek their shelter; the few, lingering leaves of the white oaks, rustle dismally; the pines breathe sighs of mourning. As the night darkens, and deepens the storm, the house-dog bays; the children crouch in the wide chimney corners; the sleety rain comes in sharp gusts. And, as I sit by the light leaping blaze in my chamber, the scattered hail drops beat upon my window, like the tappings of an OLD MAN's cane.

#### LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

BY REV. DR. KENDRICK.

A SEA life, at best, seems to me dreary and monotonous. Few, I think, except those who are thoroughly naturalized in the dominions of Neptune, can find in it much positive enjoyment. "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," may be very delightful in poetry and song, in a comfortable saloon, and with the rich tones of the piano; but few of them who are actually experiencing the reality would, I fancy, join heartily in the chorus. Let no inexperienced landsman go to sea for pastime; let none attempt to sport with the Atlantic. He will find himself in the condition of Mrs. Partington, who met the roused billows of the ocean on the threshold of her cottage with a mop which had never failed her against "a slop or a puddle." He may fancy that the



ship will be only a large cradle in which he will be gently wafted over the Atlantic, with the ocean to rock him, and the winds to sing his lullaby; but the chances are that he will wake up some morning and find himself mistaken. And then, amidst the discomforts and horrors of his floating prison, he will find that, like Sterne's startling, "he can not get out." Let, I say, every one who meditates an extended sea voyage *count the cost*, and measure well the inducements that call him abroad, before he commits himself to the bosom of the deep. Its smile is treacherous, its tender mercies are cruel, its wrath is terrible. I thought, previous to my first embarkation, I had made up my mind for the worst, and on the whole I think I had; I fared worse, perhaps, than my hopes, but better than my fears. My feelings were never quite natural much of the time; I was decidedly qualmish, but had little of that deadly sickness which is so common with the unwonted voyager. I could write none, and read but little; but I could and did enjoy much and profoundly the ever-shifting and magnificent scenery of ocean; to watch it in its varying moods, now sleeping in almost waveless tranquillity, just quietly swelling over its unbroken, glassy surface; now rolling up its waves, crested with foam and white, in playful dalliance with the sporting breeze; now dashing round and occasionally breaking over the ship, as if maddened by the fierce lashings of the tempest, and bent on our destruction; and now, after some distant storm had spent its strength, rolling in long, gentle mountain ridges, at once so majestic and so beautiful; and again to mark the thousand varieties of hue, the deep blue, the pure white, the light green, the dull slate, and, amidst the leaping and tumbling waves, the rich emerald—all this was a source of inexhaustible and ever-fresh delight. And never did I so enjoy the sublimity of the storm, never did I so apprehend the presence and majesty of Him who holds the winds in his fist, makes the clouds his chariot, and lays the beams of his chambers in the waters, as when the thunders, like the exploding artillery of heaven, reverberated over ocean, and its whole broad surface was a sheet of flame; when the skies were so charged with electricity—though I unfortunately failed of that sight—that the lightning played for minutes innocuous around the tops of all the masts. Another object of interest at sea is the desecrating distant vessels. Now you see the dim outline of a ship hanging thread-like in the distant horizon; now you see her towering up, a vast pyramid of canvas, into the very clouds, and seeming to stand motionless on the waters; and now, as she bears down toward you, you almost forget the beauty of the spectacle in the throbbing excitement of coming within the beat of living hearts and sympathies on the boundless and barren deep. But one thing that astonishes the landsman is, the small number of vessels which he meets. Knowing that "ten thousand fleets sweep over" the ocean in every direction, he fancies that they will be perpetually crossing his path; and when he goes on day after day without meeting a solitary sail, he wakes to some conception of the magnitude, the vastness of that ocean that can allow to each of the ships that traverse her surface its own undisturbed horizon.

ONE of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in when the storm comes down on it.

## MODERN GALLANTRY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish wife across the kennel; or assists the apple woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Till that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction: a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South-Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business—and that is not much—in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. He was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please, to a poor servant girl, while she has been

inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of female old he would yield the wall—though it were to an ancient beggar woman—with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the *Preux Chevalier of Age*; the *Sir Calidore*, or *Sir Tristan*, to those who have no *Calidores* or *Tristans* to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapton, who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries, to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that, a little before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one—naming the milliner—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend toward all of woman kind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this reasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the

same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed, her handmaid or dependent, she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is—first, respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments, as many and as fanciful as you please, to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley, to *revere her sex*.

#### THE BEREAVED.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

Paul Flemming had experienced this, though still young. The friend of his youth was dead. The bough had broken "under the burden of the unripe fruit." And when, after a season, he looked up again from the blindness of his sorrow, all things seemed unreal. Like the man whose sight had been restored by miracle, he beheld men, as trees, walking. His household gods were broken. He had no home. His sympathies cried aloud from his desolate soul, and there came no answer from the busy, turbulent world around him. He did not willingly give way to grief. He struggled to be cheerful—to be strong. But he could no longer look into the familiar faces of his friends. He could no longer live alone, where he had lived with her. He went abroad, that the sea might be between him and the grave. Alas! between him and his sorrow there could be no sea, but that of time.

He had already passed many months in lonely wandering, and was now pursuing his way along the Rhine, to the south of Germany. He had journeyed the same way before, in brighter days and a brighter season of the year, in the May of life and in the month of May. He knew the beautiful river all by heart—every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, grim and hoar, that had taken root as it were on the cliffs—they were all his; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales.

He had passed a sleepless night at Rolandseck, and had risen before daybreak. He opened the window of the balcony to hear the rushing of the Rhine. It was a damp December morning; and clouds were passing over the sky—thin, vapory clouds, whose snow-white skirts were "often spotted with golden tears, which men call stars." The day dawned slowly; and, in the mingling of daylight and starlight, the island and cloister of Nonnenwerth made together but one broad, dark shadow on the silver breast of the river. Beyond, rose the summits of the

Siebenberg. Solemn and dark, like a monk, stood the Drachenfels, in his hood of mist; and rearward extended the curtain of mountains, back to the Wolkenburg—the Castle of the Clouds.

But Flemming thought not of the scene before him. Sorrow unspeakable was upon his spirit in that lonely hour; and, hiding his face in his hands, he exclaimed aloud:

"Spirit of the past! look not so mournfully at me with thy great tearful eyes! Touch me not with thy cold hand! Breathe not upon me with the icy breath of the grave! Chant no more that dirge of sorrow, through the long and silent watches of the night!"

Mournful voices from afar seemed to answer, "Treuenfels!" and he remembered how others had suffered, and his heart grew still.

Slowly the landscape brightened. Down the rushing stream came a boat, with its white wings spread, and darted like a swallow through the narrow pass of God's-Help. The boatmen were singing—but not the song of Roland the Brave, which was heard of old by the weeping Hildegund, as she sat within the walls of that cloister which now looked forth in the pale morning from amid the leafless linden-trees. The dim traditions of those gray old times rose in the traveler's memory; for the ruined tower of Rolandseck was still looking down upon the Kloster Nonnenwerth, as if the sound of the funeral bell had changed the faithful paladin to stone, and he were watching still to see the form of his beloved one come forth, not from her cloister, but from her grave. Thus the brazen clasps of the book of legends were opened, and, on the page illuminated by the misty rays of the rising sun, he read again the tales of Liba, and the mournful bride of Argenfels, and Siegfried, the mighty slayer of the dragon. Meanwhile the mists had risen from the Rhine, and the whole air was filled with golden vapor, through which he beheld the sun, hanging in heaven like a drop of blood. Even thus shone the sun within him, amid the wintery vapors uprising from the valley of the shadow of death, through which flowed the stream of his life—sighing, sighing!

#### THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us, more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of

the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? one says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole clattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits till they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in "the still, small voice." They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

#### AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

On the very afternoon of our departure, as I was walking along on the deck, I encountered a gentleman, whose manners and intelligent countenance arrested my attention. We entered into conversation. Asking me of what country I was, I told him I was an American; and in reply to the same interrogation put to himself, he said he was a Dane. Pleased to find one who was ready to converse and to yield him his confidence, he sat down with me and told me his history. He left his native country at an early period, and for more than twenty years had been a merchant in Buenos Ayres. He gave me the history of Rosas, whose remarkable but bloody administration of that country is so well known. He knew him well, and expected to meet him in England. But, said he, I am going home; back to my native land, back to the enjoyment of early ties and early associations. My mother still lives. I have closed my commercial relations in Buenos Ayres. Having business in the United States, and wishing to see the people of a nation so remarkable, I came this way; but I have sent my wife and children to the place of our future residence, by another and more direct route. After a life of toil and exposure, I wish to spend the remainder of my days in peace, in the bosom of my family. He then took from his pocket a beautiful daguerreotype of his wife, and another of his three children, two beautiful daughters and his little boy, whom the artist had placed between them, and showed them to me; and we gazed upon them

together. And I could not help saying to myself, as I saw the strong emotions working in his countenance, How sacred are the relations of family! How strong and wonderful are those ties which God has implanted in our nature!

But this was only one of many similar instances which came under my notice. Strangers on board an Atlantic steamer, and standing in need of each other's aid and sympathy, soon get acquainted. A lady was pointed out to my notice, who had come from the state of Missouri. Her story, as I understood it, partly from her own lips, was this. Her husband was a military man, and some years since, in some of the revolutionary movements in Germany, held the rank of captain. Experiencing reverses, they had fled to America, and established themselves on a farm in Missouri. Even now it would be dangerous for her husband to return; and hence she was traveling with her three little children, unattended and unprotected by their father, on this long journey of four thousand miles, that she might see once more in her native land the face of her parents and brothers.

This mighty principle of family love, stronger perhaps than any other in our nature, operates in a great variety of directions. Sometimes, in consequence of the variety of its objects, it becomes antagonistical to itself, and has the effect to separate very near friends, and to lead the objects of it into distant lands. On board of our vessel was an American lady, estimable for every virtue, who was leaving her native land and its many pleasant associations and joys, in order to take up a permanent residence in Scotland. I had known her in our own country; had been well acquainted with her parents while they lived, and her brothers and sisters, who are still living; and could not therefore be ignorant, how much she suffered, and how much she sacrificed in fulfilling her purpose. I asked her one day why she did not take a different course, and permit her husband to go abroad, and transact his business without her. Her answer, disinterested as it was beautiful, was, that undoubtedly her husband would consent to such a course, but that she could not bear to see him spend his life in labor without the consolations of a home. In this generous answer I recognized the expression of a great truth, which seems to me to have a close connection with man's happiness. It is, that man without woman has not, and can not have a home. He may have a place, a locality, a country perhaps; but a home, the resting-place of hopes and desires, the locality of the heart's sacred affections, he has not, and can not have, without woman.

The vessel on the ocean is one of the great schools of humanity, and I confess I came on board in the humble spirit of a learner. What then is the first important lesson which we learn on board the Arctic? To me it is so obvious that there can be no mistake in relation to it. It is that great lesson which is taught on the land as well as on the ocean, taught in the humblest cottage as well as in the abodes of refinement and wealth, taught by all history and by all sound philosophy, that the family institution, established on Christian principles, is the great and indispensable foundation of all social morals. What then shall be said of the writings of Fourier, of Robert D. Owen, and others among the modern Socialists, both in America and Europe, who are understood to intimate the instability of this great truth, and either directly or indirectly to hold out the hope of another and improved state of things? The answer is, that the truth does not fear discussion. The social system can

undoubtedly be improved in many respects; and the writings to which we have referred, and which have excited so much solicitude, may be found in the end auxiliary to such improvement. We hope it will be so. But the basis of all good and true society, which is found in Christian marriage and in the constitution of the family, can not be altered. It is the development of infinite wisdom, and can no more change than God can change.

I would close abruptly, were it not that a friend at my elbow inquires, What is to be done with those who practically reject marriage; and whether that class of persons, who are familiarly called "*old bachelors*," are to be regarded as the friends or the enemies of the human race? In reply to this well-meant interrogation it is proper to say, that it is not the part of wisdom to condemn or to judge persons in the mass. There may be men who would quickly and gladly adjust themselves to this fundamental relation of life, if they were not prevented by the unavoidable necessities of their position. But with those men, who do not marry because they are too indolent to support a family, or because they have no just appreciation of woman, I have but little patience. I could say with Socrates, "I would beat them, if I were not angry."

I saw one of this class of persons on board the Arctic. Soon after we commenced our voyage, and when we had hardly lost sight of the highlands of New Jersey, I happened to be seated near him; and incidentally heard him make a remark which pained me much; but which revealed, as it seemed to me, his social position. Some days afterward I saw him walking the deck alone. He walked rapidly. When he passed near a lady, especially a lady resting on the arm of her husband, he instinctively increased his distance from them, as if conscious that his presence in too close proximity had something of contamination in it. He was of the middling height. His dress showed that it had experienced no wife's care. His arms were long, and hung lazy and dangling at his side, as if they had been loosened at the shoulder blades. He wore a straggling white hat, which was imperfectly adjusted to his head, besides being disfigured with a variety of indentations. His beard I judged to be of four days' growth. His eye was restless, and had that sinister expression, which seemed to say, "I have no friend, and I hate every body."

When I saw this poor man, I ceased to be angry—not because I ceased to have cause of anger, but because anger was merged in pity. How could it be otherwise when he stood before me, written over and published to the world by the marks upon him, as a fruitless and flowerless solitude, a beginning without a known or knowable end, an inchoate but incomplete humanity, a dislocated fragment of existence!

#### WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

In our glorious struggle for liberty, the women of our country were not idle, and while we raise monuments to the heroes of seventy-six, let us cherish with grateful hearts, the memory of that noble woman who molded the mind of Washington, and of thousands who suffered and toiled that we might be free. Though woman went not often to the field of battle, yet it was for her that the soldier fought and bled. She armed and clothed him for his long marches, cheering his gloomy heart as he went forth to the contest. It was her angel smile that welcomed him returning from victory; or, if he was borne faint and wounded from the conflict, her gentle spirit



watched his couch of pain, ministering to his wants, and soothing his hours of agony.

The proud banners of our republic that floated over so many battle-fields, were wrought by their fair hands, and formed the only shroud of many a brave soldier. While our famished armies wandered with bare feet over the burning south or frozen north, pursued by an insulting foe, the weary soldier lifted his eyes to that standard sheet, and at the thought of the hands that wove it pressed on with lighter step. When they met their proud oppressors in the field, when the ranks of liberty were breaking, even then our retreating yeomanry looked up to where the nation's flag still floated; and as its thirteen stars gleamed upon them through the smoke of battle, the memory of home and loved ones nerved their souls anew. Again they plunged into the fight, nor ceased their rallying about till victory descended on its gilded summit.

#### HYMN FOR MIDNIGHT.

BY CHARLES WASHLEY.

WHILE midnight shades the earth o'erspread,  
And veil the bosom of the deep,  
Nature reclines her weary head,  
And care respire, and sorrows sleep:  
My soul still aims at nobler rest,  
Aspiring to her Savior's breast.

Aid me, ye hov'ring spirits near,  
Angels, and ministers of grace;  
Who ever, while you guard us here,  
Behold your heavenly Father's face!  
Gently my raptured soul convey  
To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave this earth below,  
Of pain and sin the dark abode;  
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,  
Allures or tears me from my God;  
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,  
Since death alone confirms me his.

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,  
And gasp, and languish after home;  
Upward I send my streaming eye,  
Expecting till the Bridegroom come:  
Come quickly, Lord, thy own receive;  
Now let me see thy face and live.

Absent from thee, my exiled soul,  
Deep in a fleshy dungeon groans;  
Around me clouds of darkness roll,  
And laboring silence speaks my moans:  
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,  
And look my darkness into day.

Sorrow, and sin, and death, are o'er,  
If thou reverse the creature's doom:  
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,  
If thou, the God, the Savior come;  
Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove,  
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

#### THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

It is not prosperity, with its smiles and beauty, that tries the purity and fervor of a mother's love; it is in the dark and dreary precincts of adversity, amid the cold frowns of an unfeeling world, in poverty and despair, in sickness and sorrow, that shines with a brightness beyond mortality, and stifling the secret agonies of its own bosom, strives but to pour balm and consolation on the wounded sufferer; and the cup of misery, filled as it is to overflowing, serves but to bind them more firmly and dearly to each other, as the storms of winter but bid the

sheltering ivy twine itself more closely round the withered oak.

Absence can not chill a mother's love, nor can even vice itself destroy a mother's kindness. The lowest degradations of human frailty can not wholly blot out the remembrance of the first fond yearnings of young affection, or the faint memorial of primeval innocence; nay, it seems as if the very consciousness of the abject state of her erring child more fully developed the mighty force of that mysterious passion, which can forget and forgive all things; and though the youth of her fairest hopes may be as one cast off from God and man, yet will she not forsake him, nor upbraid him, but participate in all things save his wickedness!

I speak not of a mother's agonies, when bending over the bed of death! nor of Rachel weeping for her children, because they were not!

The love of a father may be as deep and sincere, yet it is calmer, and perhaps more calculating, and more fully directed in the great period and ends of life; it can not descend to those minutiae of affection, those watchful cares for the minor comforts and gratifications of existence, which a mother, from the finer sensibility of her nature, can more readily and duly appreciate.

Can there be a being so vile and odious, so dead to nature's impulse, who in return for such constant care and unvarying kindness, can willingly or heedlessly wound the heart that cherished him, and forsake the lonely one, who nursed and sheltered him; who can madly sever the sweetest bonds of human union; and bring down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave; who can leave them in their old age to solitude and poverty, while he wantons in the pride of undeserved prosperity?

If there be, why, let them abjure the name of man, and herd with the beasts that perish, or let him feel to distraction that worst of human miseries,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

#### THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

"As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,  
So poets live upon the living light  
Of nature and of beauty—  
Feeding their souls upon the soft, and sweet,  
And delicate imaginings of song."

THE most exquisite things in nature please, we know not why; sunset, a still lake, the roaring rush of ocean on the rocks, the mist rolling up a mountain, the golden and green light glancing through the undulating leaves of a forest—flowers, odors, music, motions graceful as a feathery acacia, or terrible as a tempest—all in which there is beauty, beauty alone, without the utility that at once connects an object with earth, pleases with the impossibility of defining wherefore. They speak to the soul, and the soul comprehends their language, though material organs can not express the subtle spiritual ideas they awaken. It is a silent emotion of which the dilated up-raised eye, the parted lips, and cheek pale with the presence of the Spiritual, are the only interpreters. Hence, says Wordsworth,

"I have felt  
A passion that disturb'd me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interpos'd,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and on the mind of man."

## "RUN FOR THE DOCTOR."

"Run! tell him to come *instantly*. Poor Bobby! How he cries! It must be the plum-pudding that has disagreed with him! Jane, bring Daffy! And if you can't find it in the right-hand pantry-shelf, look into the medicine-chest for the Preservative. Perhaps the doctor isn't at home, and the medicine will do the child good in the mean time. Quick, Jane! If you can't find Daffy or the Preservative, bring the Syrup of Poppies."

"Ah! you've got Daffy? Now, Jane, a teaspoon!" You know the opportunity of physicking a baby is not to be missed. Medicine is meant to do children "good," and, therefore, it ought to be given. If a child cries, run for the doctor. But sometimes doctors are wanted in two or three places at once. So, to provide against that contingency, run to the medicine-chest for Daffy, poppies, or calomel. Give one, or all of them. You can then watch their effects, and test the powers of the different medicines.

The child cries! It must be ill. Fetch the Elixir! It costs only eightpence a bottle—"a real blessing to mothers," ignorant ones especially. Let any honest individual hint that the child has eaten too much, and the answer is, "Nonsense! What can you know of that? The child is ill! Any one may see that with half an eye. Hand over the bottle and the spoon."

"Ah! here comes the doctor!" Here he comes, indeed! "What is the matter?" "Ah, sir! he cries, and cries, and cries so, the poor dear must be ill!" "What has he been eating?" "He has only had some plum-pudding, and a very tiny little bit of cake with comfits, and an apple, and"—"Why, the child has eaten too much!" "In, sir, it can't be; his appetite is remarkably small—quite—quite—quite"—"Ah, I see! Well, you must wait till morning. We shall see how he is then." "Wait, sir—wait? Why, the child's quite ill! He must have some medicine." "The child is ill—that is true; but it is with overgorging—medicine would only make matters worse. Leave nature to relieve herself. He will be better in the morning." "Won't you give him a little Daffy?" "O, rank poison!" "What! poison? I have given it to him fifty times, and he has always been the better for it. I have given him some now." "What? Daffy, plum-pudding, comfits, apples, etc.! Why, the child must have the strength of a horse to survive all that!"

Doctors dare not always be honest to customers, else they would oftener speak out their mind freely, as this honest but rather rough doctor did. People *will* have physic. What else is the use of doctors but to prescribe physic for people? Mothers think their children are not done justice to unless the doctor is drenching them with black draught and such like. The doctor may give advice about regularity of living and simplicity of diet; but what does *he* know of that? Cooks and nurses are much more likely to understand meats—let the doctors stick to physic! He may tell the nurse not to bandage the child tightly, and to avoid pins; but "what can *he* know of child's clothes, or of their proper fastenings?" No! there is old Betty, the nurse, who is the standard authority in all such matters. The doctor may tell the mother to give her children exercise: but does not *she* know better? If they scamper about, won't they spoil their clothes? And if the little things should grow weak, sickly, and diseased, why, then, the order can be given to run for the doctor! If he tells the housewife to ventilate the children's sleeping-room—to open the doors and windows frequently, that the thorough draught may blow through

and sweeten the rooms—"O, the children will get their deaths of cold." And if they should then become pale and fragile, weak in the chest and delicate in the digestion, on the slightest ailment or trouble, then—run for the doctor! They had better run for the glazier to put a ventilator in the window; or for the carpenter to bore ventilating holes in the door; or, better than all, send the children out to Doctor Green-fields, and get the hue of health back into their cheeks again.

Screw the ribs within stays; strap up the chest so that vulgar nature shall be kept within fashionable bounds; and then, if vertigo, nervousness, indigestion, or consumption should ensue—run for the doctor!

Let young ladies expose their chests in hot, draughty rooms, where they are alternately half stifled and half frozen—taking now a cup of hot coffee, and then an ice—dashing through a waltz at fever-heat, and next minute cooling themselves by standing in the passage or the doorway; and then, if a fit of coughing, or a sore throat, or inflamed lungs should ensue—run for the doctor!

Shut out the light, and shut out the air; use cold water sparingly, and hot water "mixed with sterner stuff" copiously within; take liqueurs, pastry, pepper, and ale, mixed with cheese, nuts, wine, and olives; sit up late, and wear little shoe-leather; when you go abroad, ride in a carriage; and when you sit at home, soak and eat, poking round the fire, with all the windows listed up so as to keep out "the draught;" and depend upon it, there will be no want of bad health; and the cry will be very frequent of "run for the doctor."

If people could run for a little common sense, even though they paid well for it, it would be much better for them. But common sense is still at a heavy discount where health is concerned.

## THE DEAD LIVE.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

I HAVE seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her, and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her: and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones for such to live in? Forbid it, reason, religion! bereaved affection and undying love, forbid the thought! It can not be that such die in God's counsels, who live even in frail human memory forever.

I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act well and wisely. The dead carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live in a future state forever.

## New Books.

CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS. *With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1832.—The best of this edition, a duodecimo volume of three hundred and ninety-eight pages, is founded on those of Kuhner and Tischer, amended, however, as Dr. Anthon says, "throughout in accordance with the suggestions of the best philologists." Much care has been exhibited in the preparation of the notes, and we think the public will not be disappointed in the work. We are indebted to Messrs. Derby & Co., Main-street, for a copy of the work, who have it on sale in any quantity to meet demands.

SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE, embracing the best Speeches entire, of the most eminent orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Chauncy A. Goodrich, D. D., Professor in Yale College.—These examples of eloquence are speeches made in the British Parliament and elsewhere on various subjects, by Sir John Elliot, the first martyr to liberty under the reign of Charles I, Earl of Strafford, Lord Digby, Lord Belhaven, Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Charles James Fox, William Pitt, Lord Erskine, John Philpot Curran, Sir James Mackintosh, George Canning, and Lord Brougham; and from the letters of Junius. These specimens are comprised in a large-sized octavo volume, gotten up in the usual neat style of the Harpers. The editor, Dr. Goodrich, is well known for his attainments in rhetoric, and we have from his pen a work that will be highly prized. On sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Main-street, below Fourth.

RAY'S ALGEBRA. Part Second. *An Analytical Treatise, designed for Schools and Colleges.* Cincinnati: W. B. Smith & Co. 1852.—We learn that four editions of this work have already been published. Its merits are of a very superior character. Prepared by a gentleman who has devoted himself for some twenty years to the education of youth, and with a view specially to the demands of American colleges and seminaries, it has claims beyond any translation or any foreign reprint on the subject of algebra with which we are familiar. It has at least thirty per cent. more of matter than Bourdon, and that matter arranged in the true style for those who are pursuing a mathematical course. Young ladies, as well as young men, many of them at least, expect to study algebra. To such we commend, without hesitation, the present treatise as the most satisfactory and complete, as well as the cheapest, that has yet issued from the American press.

KNICKKNAGS FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE. By L. Gaylord Clark, Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.—We predict for this work an unusual popularity. Gotten up in a style of great typographical neatness, finely illustrated, and abounding with sketches serious and lively, paragraphs pungent and brilliant, sayings the most epigrammatic and original, it has nothing to prevent its "running widely in its circulation all over the country."

CURIOSITIES OF THE MICROSCOPE, by Rev. Joseph N. Wythes, M. D., of the Philadelphia conference, is the name of a neat little volume published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Its object is the illustration of the minute parts of the creation in a manner adapted to the capacity of the young. The work is embellished with several colored illustrations. The well-known familiarity of brother Wythes with matters of natural science will secure this little volume a wide circulation.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FEMALE STUDENTS OF THE PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL COLLEGE has been forwarded us by Dr. Cornell, which we have read with great satisfaction. We hope yet to see the day when females will enjoy the same high privileges in regard to a medical education as do the male sex. In society there are multitudes who would prefer a skillful doctor to a doctor, and we see no good reason for not gratifying this desire. Let there be entire fairness in all our relations in life.

## Periodicals.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, for November, has a most capital likeness of Rev. William Moister, the well-known Wesleyan missionary to Africa. They know how to engrave in England; and we long to see the day when steel portraits in this country will reach the perfectness of the transatlantic artists. Among the articles in the number is one on the Rev. Howell Harris, "the first itinerant preacher in Wales," which we see has been copied by our friend of the Western Advocate of December 1st. The Wesleyan Magazine can be obtained of Mr. Post, of this city, at about four dollars a year; or where he pays the postage, the total cost annually will be four dollars and a half.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, though not designed for ladies, has in each issue a large amount of practical matter, an acquaintance with which would injure no one, male or female.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE maintains its envious excellence and popularity. Among the poetical selections, we notice, in a late number, the following on Hagar and Ishmael:

"They sank amid the wilderness,  
The weary and forsaken;  
She gave the boy one faint caress,  
And prayed he might not waken.  
Far, far away the desert spread;  
Ah! love is fain to cherish  
The vainest hopes; but now she said,  
Let me not see him perish.  
Then spoke the Lord, and at his word  
Sprang forth a little fountain,  
Pure, cold as those whose crystal board  
Is in some pine-clad mountain.  
O, blessed God! thus does thy power,  
When, worn and broken-hearted,  
We sink beneath some evil hour,  
And deem all hope departed,  
Then doth the fountain of thy grace  
Rise up within the spirit,  
And we are strengthened for that race  
Whose prize we shall inherit."

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS, AND SABBATH MISCELLANY, is the name of a new work on holiness, issued by Rev. C. E. Weirich, of the Pittsburg conference. Scott & Bascom, Columbus, are the publishers. The matter of the work is good, the typography fine, and the general appearance of the work very inviting. Price, one dollar per year.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for October, republished by L. Scott & Co., N. Y., does not seem to change at all in its tactics. We only take it to know what "the reformers in religion" are about.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, published at New York, by W. H. Bidwell, at five dollars per year, has, in its November number, an excellent mezzotint of the Duke of Wellington in his old age. It is by John Sartain, and reflects great credit on his skill as an engraver. The selections of the Eclectic are made with remarkable taste and skill, and the periodical is altogether worthy of a large circulation.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Abel Stevens, Editor, has, as its leading or opening article, a biographical sketch of Fitz-Green Halleck, with a portrait accompanying. The illustrated life of Johnson is continued. A portrait of Samuel Hopkins, D. D., and one of Charles Elliott, D. D., Editor of the Western Christian Advocate, is furnished. The friends of the latter, however, think the portrait too young by some fifteen or twenty years. We presume the cut was a copy of a portrait taken about that long ago. The reading matter of the National is pure and excellent, and we wish it a fair field and a boundless popularity. There is room for us all in which to operate, and there is work enough in the world to call forth our best energies and skill. Let us all perform vigorously our part in that great work.

### Editor's Table.

THE readers of the Ladies' Repository have already learned, from other sources, that my editorial connection with the work was most unexpected to me in the beginning, and has been only continued till the Book Committee, with whom is lodged the power to fill vacancies in the editorial offices of the Church, could conveniently provide for the place.

During the five months in which my name has appeared as editor, my connection with the work has been slight and interrupted. Circumstances have permitted me only to visit the office in Cincinnati once a month, to look over such articles as might then be on hand from correspondents, and to aid in making up the monthly numbers. Even the Editor's Table for October, November, and December was written, not by me, but by Mr. Erwin House, Assistant Editor in the Cincinnati Book Concern, who, in that capacity, has long and favorably been known.

At the meeting of the Book Committee, on the 10th of November last, Rev. Davis W. Clark, D. D., was elected Editor, and to him will hereafter be committed the interests of this beloved periodical.

In issuing the number for August, the first number in which appeared my name as editor, I refrained from making any formal salutory, which editors usually make on taking charge of any periodical, because, from my conscious convictions of duty, I knew I could not accept the position. As the General conference, however, had adjourned before I received notice of my election, I could not decline, but had to allow the use of my name, and to perform such official duties as my circumstances would allow, till the authorities recognized by the Discipline of the Church could meet the emergency.

Should there appear in the public mind any disposition to censure me for not accepting permanently the position to which I was so unexpectedly to myself elevated, I can only say, that my decision was made under convictions of duty, which I could by no means conscientiously resist. Had I been present at the General conference at the time of my election, or had I been informed by telegraph of the fact before the conference adjourned, I should most promptly have announced my decision, and prevented the contingency which has occurred.

No one can be more deeply affected than am I with sentiments of respect for the opinions and decisions of the revered and venerable body of men who officially called me to the place of editor. No one can appreciate more highly than do I the honor and importance of the position offered me. No position of which I can conceive appears to me more congenial to my taste, appropriate to my habits, or agreeable to my wishes; yet am I impelled, from deep-seated sentiments of duty, to decline the position, however high, honorable, and pleasant it may be. I feel that I can not yet be released from the work of education, to which I was called by Providence from the days of my youth. I feel that I have a special mission, which is not yet fulfilled; that a special work is committed to me, which is not yet done. Till that mission is accomplished and that work done, I can not enter another field of labor, however flowery and inviting it may appear.

There is, however, no incompatibility between the work of editing and of teaching. Indeed, I must, in order to accomplish the educational enterprises in which I am engaged, have the free use, and, perhaps, the management of some periodical. But to edit the Repository would require my removal from the state, to whose educational interests I have been devoted for several years past, and which offers me such a field of usefulness as I may in vain hope to find in any other state of this Union, or in any other region on this globe. It would require me, according to the usual arrangements of the office, to sever my active connection with the cause of education, with teachers and teaching, with schools and colleges. That I can not yet do. The time may come when I shall feel that my work in its present department is done; that the object of my mission is accomplished, and that I am at liberty, with a good conscience and with the sanction of divine Providence, to leave to other hands the active operations of education, and to devote myself to the more quiet duties of a literary office.

In the mean time, while I resign to my honored and estimable

successor the Editorial Chair and the Editorial Table, I may, as has been my custom for many years past, occasionally, perhaps regularly, meet the readers of the Repository in its pages. I may enjoy, as I have often done, the pleasure of communion, gentle reader, with thee—communion of soul with soul, and of heart with heart. Thus may we keep up, for years to come, that pleasant intercourse which, in years past, has been of mutual interest to us. Most sincerely and most earnestly would I commend, gentle reader, to your heart and to the confidence of a generous public my successor, Rev. Davis W. Clark. He is a gentleman of classic education, of cultivated taste, and of most estimable character. From childhood he has been inured to habits of industry, of thought, and of study. He received his classic training under the instruction of those noble men of blessed memory, Caldwell and Fisk. He has worked his own way to honorable distinction as a scholar and a writer. We bid him a hearty welcome to the fair field of usefulness and of honor spread out before him in the west. We trust he will never, on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, regret leaving his early home on the sea-girt isle of the Atlantic coast, or his pleasant cottage residence among the romantic glens of the Hudson.

I can assure the readers of the Repository, that there will be no lack of effort on the part of Publishers, Editors, and contributors to render the work even more useful, popular, and interesting than it has ever yet been. The men who have charge of the work are men of enlarged and liberal views, who will not hesitate to adopt any improvements which experience may suggest and circumstances render expedient. There need be no fear of continued success. The Repository will continue a regular visitor to the home of thousands, ever welcome, ever the messenger of useful knowledge and pleasant suggestions.

And now, gentle reader, with a heart not sad, but serious; with pleasant, though pensive memories of the past; and with tranquil and confident hopes of the future, I bid you an affectionate good-by.

W. C. LARRABEE.

The Assistant Editor referred to above, having just now the Editor's office all to himself, is compelled, after having arranged the present number, also to close it up. The reader, it is to be hoped, will not be disappointed with the articles presented him. Our engravings—three in number—must speak for themselves. In every successive issue no pains will be spared to interest and instruct the reader. As previously intimated, we think young ladies and mothers will find in the pages of the periodical articles of a direct and practical character, and such as will specially suit them in their domestic and home relations. Dr. Clark, whose salutory will be given in the next number, will meet every reasonable expectation in regard to the work. At the same time, however, he will expect, in return for his labor, to witness the labors of others. The Repository can not be sustained without subscribers. It must have a large list—a list such as will not cramp the Publishers and the Editor in making it the first among all the periodicals for ladies. We trust that no patron who has been taking the work in former years will allow his or her name to be erased. We do not wish to hear of any folding of hands, or shutting of eyes, or closing up of hearts in this work. Let there be an effort, a simultaneous and a hearty effort to swell the subscription list. Let each one now taking the work appoint himself an agent for it, and start out and see what can be done in the way of procuring subscribers. Come, dear friends, do something for a periodical whose aim is to do much for you. Encourage it in its efforts to diffuse a pure literature and a true piety. Assist in subverting a corrupt and infidel literature. Mark for yourself, in the worker of sin, an example of acting, and let not the zeal of the laborer for the wrong exceed your labor for the right.

Could multiplication of words on our part be of any special service, we would not tire in the work. But nobody wants to hear simple declamation. The business of the soldier who has an enemy advancing on him is not to sit down, and beat his drum or blow his fife, but to equip himself for the contest. Let no one, therefore, who has the opportunity of doing any thing for the interests of the Repository neglect the work, but address himself to it at once.







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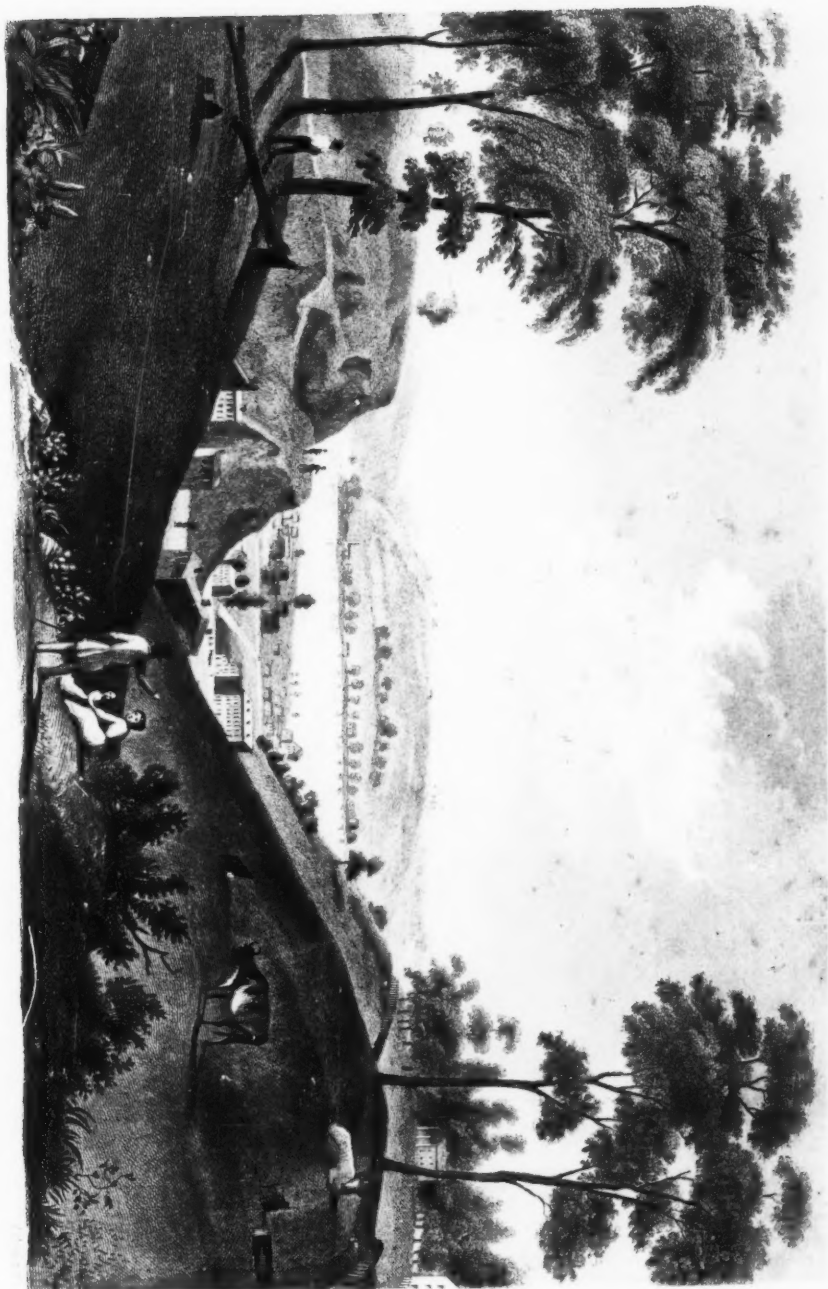
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